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# SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

## POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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### THE INDIA RESOLUTIONS.

MR. DISRAELI'S India Resolutions are now before us, and it must be admitted that they throw the smallest possible amount of light on the motives which induced Lord JOHN RUSSELL to interfere with the progress or failure of the Ministerial measure. It may be assumed, as a conventional fiction, that there is some convenience in laying down principles before proceeding to embody them in specific enactments; but to keep up the illusion, the Resolutions ought not to be so many clauses of the Bill, converted into equivalent propositions. It is simpler to provide for the creation of a Council of eighteen members than to agree to the theory that there ought to be a Council, and that its numbers must vary from twelve to eighteen. An empirical rule is not elevated into an abstract truth by the process of generalizing the form in which it is expressed. If Parliament accepts the Resolutions as they stand, it will not have sanctioned the second reading of the Bill, but it will have anticipated the discussion of the clauses in Committee; and as such a result is extremely improbable, the question remains, why should the ordinary course of business have been interrupted for the purpose of substituting one mode of failure for another?

The Government perhaps have been influenced by the same considerations which may induce an officer in the presence of a superior enemy to break up a solid mass of troops into skirmishing order. A smaller mark is presented to the hostile fire, and a local disadvantage is less decisive. A Ministerial Bill must generally stand or fall as a whole, but a dozen Resolutions seem to a certain extent reciprocally independent; and as it is probable that a majority of the whole number may be passed, the mover may in a certain sense claim an equivocal victory. If the public interests and the good government of India are put entirely out of the question, the arrangement, however novel and anomalous, is recommended by obvious considerations. There is a general disinclination to a second change of Administration during the present session, and consequently any contrivance for multiplying open questions is likely to be received with general favour. Mr. DISRAELI will, moreover, have various excuses for disclaiming the responsibility which ordinarily attaches to an important Ministerial proposal. The paternity of the Resolutions—or rather of the determination to proceed by such a method—will be justly assigned to Lord JOHN RUSSELL; and if a Bill is eventually founded on the propositions which may be adopted, the House will be appropriately reminded that it is only asked to carry out its own decision. Should a further pretext be required for retaining office under any circumstances, the suggestion that India ought not to be made a field of party conflict will be found in the highest degree convenient. The true meaning of the doctrine is, that a subject so vast and so imperfectly understood is perfectly fit to become the sacrifice of party expediency, without involving the definite responsibility which is the redeeming element of party government.

The Resolutions present the same relation to the Bill which a school-book in question and answer bears to the narrative or treatise from which it has been extracted. According to the original version, a part of the Council is to be nominated, and another portion to be elected, subject in both instances to certain specified qualifications. The Ministers now ask the House of Commons how the Council is to be appointed; and the answer, according to the new catechism, is that it should be partly named by the Crown, and partly chosen by a constituency. The qualifications are retained, though they are now less minutely detailed; and the civil and military officers, the stockholders, and the railway proprietors are designated as the future electors. One remarkable omission alone recalls the memory of the most elaborate

blunder committed by any living politician. The House of Commons is not asked to affirm the general principle that the ten-pound householders of five large towns are peculiarly qualified to choose the supposed advisers of the Indian Minister, and the fractional dispensers of patronage. The universal burst of ridicule which saluted the proposal has, in this instance, been accepted as an adequate test of truth; and it remains for the House of Commons to decide whether the vacancies thus created in the intended Council shall be given to the Crown or to the special constituency—unless, indeed, the number of Councillors is to be reduced, in despair of finding an adequate substitute for favoured town populations. The improvement, such as it is, can scarcely be attributed to the project of breaking up the Bill into Resolutions; for the inevitable change might have been as suitably announced on the motion for the second reading.

If the majority which sanctioned the introduction of the first India Bill still adheres to the same conclusions, the Resolutions may readily be modified in such a manner as to sanction Lord PALMERSTON'S measure. There is no principle involved in the number of members assigned to the Council, and the only serious point of difference between the rival projects consists in the question whether the second half of the body is to be elected, or named by the Crown. Lord DERBY has already announced his intention of submitting to the decision of Parliament; and his opponent, if the opportunity were offered, would probably be found equally accommodating. It will not, however, be surprising if the lapse of time and the change of Government should be found to have modified the opinions of the House of Commons. Lord PALMERSTON and his late colleagues will not be unduly eager to precipitate a measure which has been appropriated by their successors in office. The great body of Mr. DISRAELI'S supporters voted for the postponement of legislation at a time when there was a popular demand for change which has since altogether ceased. The effect of delay and discussion has certainly not been unfavourable to the existing system, nor has any measure yet devised been received with general approbation. Before the Resolutions have passed through both Houses, they will probably have become too vague and colourless to furnish any materials for an effective Bill. Even in their original shape, they have failed to excite satisfaction, alarm, or curiosity.

It is a remarkable circumstance that no independent member of either House has yet declared his adhesion to a policy which is assumed to have been unanimously adopted by Parliament and by the country. The active assailants of the Company are scarcely more powerful or more numerous than at the time when their suggestions were utterly repudiated after a long and elaborate inquiry. The clamour which gave importance to their demands in the first panic of the mutiny, has long since entirely subsided; nor does any third-rate politician now believe that the abolition of the Court of Directors will facilitate the conversion or civilization of the native population. The first Resolution recites the words in the Act of 1853 which declare that the system shall remain in force until Parliament shall otherwise determine; and the mover seems to draw the absurd inference that the power reserved to the Legislature ought to be exercised without any reason for a change of policy. It seems, however, scarcely necessary to point out that the words which are supposed to indicate a purpose of legislation were merely substituted for the former limitation of the Charter to successive periods of twenty years. The settlement of 1853 was not intended by its framers to be sacred or perpetual; but, after deliberate consideration, it was thought preferable to any alternative which was suggested. The crude projects of the present year complete the proof that the Government and Parliament of five years ago exercised a sound discretion. The attacks on the

Company have dwindled into occasional sneers at that traditional policy which Lord PALMERSTON professedly desires to perpetuate, and which seems to Lord DUNEL absolutely faultless.

The details of the Resolutions, or of the rival and kindred Bills, are scarcely worth discussing. The transfer of the powers vested in the Court of Directors to a President or Secretary of State, puts an end to the distinctive character of the Indian Government. Whether the Council is nominated or elected, it will have no independent character; and after a time, the functions attributed to it will be virtually transferred to clerks and secretaries. The preponderance of the Minister over his subordinate colleagues will be ensured, not merely by his legal privileges, but by his influence and position as a Parliamentary leader. Old Indians will have little chance of obtaining public support against a chief far more familiar than themselves with the means of acting on public opinion. The Directors, however hampered, checked, and overruled, have practically formed the Home Government of India; but their pretended successors will rather resemble an anomalous Board of Control, without the power to carry their decisions into effect. A similar revolution in a smaller sphere would be effected by the subordination of the Bank of England to the Treasury. There would be little use in an enactment that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER should be assisted by a monetary Council of City bankers and merchants; for all the useful functions of the Governor and Directors would be at an end when they ceased to be independent and responsible. It remains to be seen whether Parliament is irrevocably bent on trying a similar wanton experiment in the case of the Indian administration.

#### THE ATTITUDE OF FRANCE.

FOR the second or third time within a few years, a vague apprehension prevails of hostile intentions on the part of the Government of France. The EMPEROR has raised his army from 500,000 to 600,000 men. He has also called into active service a large body of seamen, and is increasing the strength of his navy far beyond the ordinary requirements of a military Power. These measures, however, though suspicious, especially when the French finances are low, and when fresh expenditure would be naturally avoided, might be explained by reference to the inveterate military vanity of the French people, and the general tendencies of that "Napoleonic idea" of which the EMPEROR is the present impersonation. But the construction, which appears to be going on, of large vessels adapted for landing troops, of great steam power and with shot-proof sides, seems to point so directly towards an intended visit of amity to some neighbouring maritime friend, that our Government will probably think it desirable to inquire the destination of the armament of which these vessels are to form a part. They will receive in return abundance of assurances and caresses. Meantime they have had what the papers of the Peace-at-any-price party call the "recklessness" to take measures for providing the nucleus of an efficient Channel Fleet. It is impossible not to feel some satisfaction at seeing this duty fall to the lot of the very politicians who have been most forward in inducing the country to risk everything on the good faith and personal amity of NAPOLEON III.

LOUIS NAPOLEON might, or might not, be the "Saviour of Society," the "Modern AUGUSTUS," the "Messiah of Order," the "Master spirit of the age." What was quite certain was that, for the purposes of his ambition, he was capable of violating, with every circumstance of deliberation and perfidy, the most solemn engagement that could be laid on the faith and honour of man. Such being the case, a prudent nation, however fond it might be of lions, would prefer not to put its head into this particular lion's mouth. The lion now seems to be wagging his tail, and the question is, whether he is going to bite our head off. It is exceedingly difficult, and indeed impossible, to say—asseverations to the contrary being, under the circumstances of the case, rather the reverse of reassuring. A Commonwealth may be an irritable and troublesome, but it can hardly be a treacherous neighbour. Its wrath against you gathers, not silently and secretly beneath the mask of cordial affection, but with all the outward and visible signs of effervescence and without premonitory clamour. You have always the fairest warning and the fairest opportunity of making up the difference if it is possible to do so, and, if not, of preparing for the conflict. Moreover, in a Commonwealth there is always a minority

humane or factious enough to raise its voice on the side of peace. But a despot, wielding in his single hand the whole military power of a great nation, may, if he is of a close and astute turn of mind, wait you the kiss of peace in the morning, and launch upon you the havoc of war under the shades of the ensuing night. The mere change of the French Government from a constitutional Monarchy or a Republic to a military despotism—at which a certain party among us were so much delighted, independently of the character of the particular despot—produced an increase of danger to this country, entailing probably an additional expenditure of two or three millions a year. The best symptom in the present posture of affairs is the healthy eruption of hatred towards this country which is still allowed to break out in the wretched remnant of the old free press.

LOUIS NAPOLEON can be under no mistake as to the probable result to his own throne and that of his son, of a war in which England, fighting for existence, would place an energetic Government at her head, and appeal to the revolutionary party throughout Europe. He and his Ministers, no doubt, are well aware that our army is now numerically weak, and that there is difficulty in finding volunteer seamen enough to man the fleet; but they must be also aware that a French invasion would convert every landsman into a soldier, and send every seaman on board a man-of-war. The chance of a great army against a great nation has been tried before now, between a less powerful nation than England and a better commanded army than that of NAPOLEON III.—not to mention the naval element of the calculation. It is highly improbable that the EMPEROR will play so desperate a card except in that extremity of domestic danger to which, so long as the army is true to him, he will not come. That the bulk of the army itself will demand war, whatever the Pretorian Guard may do, also seems improbable to those who know the real nature of the ordinary French conscript, sighing not for raids upon England, but for his paternal field. Even if the EMPEROR should come to his last card, it is by no means clear—especially since he has begun to coquet with Italian Liberalism—that he would not seek in Austria easier and more accessible triumphs for the Grand Army than are offered by the rough and rocky shores of Britain. Wherever he turns, he will find it a very different game from what it was when the fiery columns of the Revolution, led by BONAPARTE and MOREAU, scattered the decayed armies and decrepit generals of the old monarchies of Europe. We will say nothing of the unspeakable wickedness of a man who should ravage the fairest garden of modern civilization for the selfish purpose of strengthening his own usurped throne. It is not every heart that is touched by such considerations; and policy requires us to be prepared as if we had to deal with an ambition utterly uncontrolled by regard for humanity or by the fear of Heaven.

It is impossible to say what effect the escape of BERNARD has produced on the national mind in France; nor is it of the smallest consequence to know. The EMPEROR alone holds the issues of peace and war in his hands, uncontrolled by the feelings or the interests of the nation. The incident is a most unfortunate one. Few persons on the Continent will doubt the criminality of BERNARD—a criminality unreddeemed by the courage and self-devotion of ORSINI; nor can we expect European opinion to abstain from pronouncing that English law has, in this instance, sheltered assassination. This untoward event is, however, the natural result of our original want of self-respect and fidelity to our national principles and institutions. Not content with acknowledging LOUIS NAPOLEON as the ruler of the French nation, we must needs fawn upon him personally; and our public men, and Lord PALMERSTON especially, were led to put themselves on terms with him which very naturally led to a forgetfulness of their real position and duties as the representatives of an independent nation. Hence the omission to answer Count WALEWSKI's calumnious and impertinent despatch, and the astounding conduct of the late Government in proposing to alter the criminal law of this country at the dictation of a foreign Sovereign. Hence, also, the publication in the *Moniteur* of the addresses of the French Colonels—an attempt at intimidation which our unnatural, and as it was no doubt considered hypocritical, servility had too justly invited. Then the country, recovering with a start its self-respect and its consciousness of its free institutions, rushed into the opposite extreme. This is not the way to deal with a sensitive and dangerous neighbour; and the sooner we adopt, and



teach our public men to adopt, a more dignified and consistent bearing towards a Government with which we cannot possibly have very genuine sympathy, and need have no ground of quarrel, the further removed we shall be from any future danger of French aggression.

#### THE BUDGET.

SOME years ago there appeared in *Punch* a recommendation which was startling from the combination of completeness and simplicity:—"Advice to Persons about to Marry—Don't!" Mr. DISRAELI proposes to Parliament a not less easy mode of escaping from the embarrassment of a deficit:—"Advice to a House of Commons about to pay off Exchequer Bonds—Don't!" And with a similar process applied to the Sinking Fund, and with two little taxes which excite only proportionately mild remonstrances, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER has got through the Budget of 1858 with some applause and with perfect facility. His confidence in the popularity of his scheme was shown in the comparatively straightforward character of his statement, and in the moderate application of the tantalizing process which is commonly employed by Finance Ministers for the purpose of stimulating curiosity. The only mystery which was produced in the earlier part of the speech with a promise of future solution, consisted in the mode by which the payment of the Exchequer Bonds was to be evaded, and yet not abandoned; but though the audience acquiesced in the postponement, their patience was not rewarded by any subsequent performance of the promise. In the *Frogs* of ARISTOPHANES, EURIPIDES accuses ÆSCHYLUS of placing a silent personage on the stage with the similar object of stimulating attention. There, he says, ACHILLES or NIOBE would sit without uttering a word, while the Chorus dealt out strophe after strophe, and all the time the spectators refrained from interruption in the hope that the hero would at last break his silence—*τὸ ἔπαυα δ' ἄρ' ἐλθεῖν*. And so the drama of the Budget went safely through; but the distinction between the suspended operation of the Sinking Fund and the non-payment of the Exchequer Bonds still remains in obscurity.

It would have been a wiser and more courageous course to suspend for another year the reduction of the Income-tax. At the beginning of the Russian war the Bonds were issued for the express purpose of anticipating the returns of the increased impost, so that the revenue ought in consistency to have been maintained until the obligation had been fully discharged. Parliament has now for the first time given, by a retrospective act, the character of a loan to the operation of 1854; and Mr. GLADSTONE, by his cordial approval of his successor's proposal, has accepted his full share in the responsibility of the change. The unfunded debt is permanently increased to the amount of the instalment now due; and even if the burden should be reduced in subsequent years, the fact still remains, that, to the extent of 2,000,000*l.* the country is, or was, a borrower, either at the present moment or four years ago. As no considerable expense has yet been incurred in consequence of the Indian mutiny, serious doubts may be entertained whether the charges of the year ought not to have been met out of revenue. Not long since, the late House of Commons deliberately condemned the adoption of prospective systems of finance, and the reduction of the Income-tax must therefore be considered an original measure, and not a compliance with the spirit of any former resolution. As the per-centage has never been reduced for sixteen years, it seems strange that 2,000,000*l.* of revenue should be given up at the precise moment when the exact amount was required to cover a deficit.

Mr. CARDWELL stood alone in the vindication of a principle which appeared a few years ago to have been definitively established. The leaders of parties in the House of Commons love solvency much, but for various reasons they have persuaded themselves to hate the Income-tax more. The country gentlemen and the fundholders feel that they pay more than their due proportion, while they suspect at the same time that there must be some foundation for the clamour of traders to be relieved from their due proportion of the burden. The borough members entertain a vague notion that the puzzle-headed proposals for graduation are at once just and impracticable; and all classes in the House practically feel that, whether the tax is equitable or unfair, the visits of the collector are eminently disagreeable. In the face of a Government which offers voluntary concessions, it is not easy for private members to be sternly self-denying,

although taxation may ultimately be cheaper than debt. Mr. GLADSTONE and Sir F. BARING supported Mr. DISRAELI on the ground that the country would never believe in the ultimate abolition of the Income-tax unless it received earnest to the extent of twopence in the pound. Such are the fanciful reasons by which statesmen and financiers persuade themselves to acquiesce in measures which happen to be agreeable. On other occasions, the admirers of the Budget would probably have remembered that the people are admitted to all the secrets of the House of Commons, and that the imposition or removal of a tax ought to depend on its comparative justice, productiveness, and facility of collection, rather than on the conjectures which it may possibly suggest as to the financial policy of some future period. There can be no doubt that it will be easier to pay 5,000,000*l.* than 7,000,000*l.* during the present year; but the advantage will be more than balanced by a perpetual charge of 70,000*l.* a-year on the national revenue.

The time may perhaps arrive when justice will be done to the attenuated and moribund tax which now enjoys so little favour in the House of Commons. That it is, in one sense, unjust and burdensome, may be conceded; but there is probably no other impost which is not more unequal in its distribution and more wasteful in its operation. The taxpayer naturally cries out wherever he feels the blow; but he will find that, on the whole, hitting high hurts less than hitting low. All the enormous reductions of taxation since 1842, and a large portion of the consequent advance in the national prosperity, must be attributed to the resource which Sir ROBERT PEEL provided for himself and his successors. If paper is hereafter to share the immunity of bricks and glass, those who are concerned in the trade must assent to some reasonable substitute for the resource of which they propose to deprive the revenue. Mr. INGRAM so far sees the inevitable tendency of reduction, that he proposes the ingenious scheme of a decennial subsidy to be levied from realized property; but, setting aside the absurd injustice to owners of land or money, a judicious financier would not follow the old-fashioned practice of commuting annual rents for a periodical fine. Commerce and manufactures will principally suffer from the policy which their representatives have done their utmost to popularize. Landowners and millionaires may look forward to a relief, attained not by their own exertions, from a burden of which they have always borne by far the largest portion. When reforms in the Customs and Excise are stopped, and when the system of taxation once more depends on consumption, the advocates of Free Trade may console themselves by the reflection that the country, carrying out at its own expense a voluntary self-sacrifice, has, with unappreciated delicacy, kept scrupulous faith with itself.

The indefinite adjournment of the instalment due on the Exchequer Bonds disposes of half the deficit. Of the remaining two millions, the greater part is attributable to the arbitrary provision of a Sinking Fund; and there is no reason why taxes should be raised to pay off a million and a half sterling which formed an acknowledged addition to the debt incurred during the Russian war. Yet, if any economical zealot had opposed the discontinuance of the process of redemption, he might easily have shown that the breach of faith committed by Parliament was far more flagrant and direct than any omission to repeal the Income-tax. It is not, however, in public matters only that duties are found to acquire additional sacredness as often as they coincide with convenience and inclination. The bargain of 1853 is to be carried out, because it will remove a disagreeable tax; and the bargain of 1854 or 1855 is, for exactly the same reason, set aside, inasmuch as it could not be performed without additional taxation. It is a reasonable subject of congratulation that debt to the amount of nearly four millions was paid off during the last year, under the special Sinking-Fund Act, in cancelling Exchequer Bonds, in the purchase of the Sound Dues, and by the ordinary application of surplus revenue. Mr. DISRAELI is, under the circumstances, perfectly justified in a partial suspension of the process of liquidation. His views have probably been modified, as well as his position, since the time when he proposed to his constituents a plan by which the whole National Debt would be paid off within a limited period. The ready eulogists of the Budget failed to observe that some of the estimated receipts of the year belong to capital rather than to revenue. The repayments from Sardinia, and from other quarters, cannot fairly be taken into consideration as a set-off against the diminished produce of the Income-tax. A similar confusion was eagerly pointed

out when Lord DERBY was last in office, but time fortunately tends to diminish the asperity of political conflict, not only by allaying irritation, but by bringing counteracting forces and new animosities into play.

The House of Commons found the proposal of additional duties on Irish whisky alike satisfactory and amusing; and if the measure has not the effect of encouraging illicit distillation, it will both assist the revenue and benefit trade by the abolition of an internal Customs' frontier. The reclamations of the Irish members were considered to result rather from a proper respect to their constituents than from any serious fear of injury to the general consumer. The penny stamp on cheques seems not an excessive tax on the luxury or convenience of employing a banker, and it will be levied without perceptible cost to the State, and with a minimum of trouble to the tax-payer. The distinctive stamp on cheques drawn or used at a distance from the bank had long seemed anomalous and unjustifiable; and if it is true that stockbrokers will pay the largest proportion of the impost, they will not be backward in passing on the burden to their clients.

The most general inference from the success of Mr. DISRAELI's exposition is that the difficulty of framing a Budget has been greatly overrated. A prudent tactician has only to guard himself against ambitious attempts to benefit the country by measures which are either difficult to be understood, or liable to clash with particular interests. It is a safe rule to avoid payments in the current year which can be put off to the next; and if there is an opportunity of reduction, the preference ought to be given, not to the most wasteful taxes, but to those of which the tax-payer is most conscious. The difficulties of the future will be met with the resources which may be discovered hereafter; and it is consolatory to reflect that, in all probability, those who will most immediately suffer from the consequences of adjourning present burdens will be the political opponents of the existing Government. In the meantime, it is as well to earn the gratitude and good-will of those who are impatient of immediate pressure. The steward in ancient times was commended because he had taken off twopence in the pound from the percentage which those whom he wished to convert into his well-wishers would otherwise have been liable to pay to his employer.

#### "GOVERNMENT BY THE MAJORITY."

THE great question of the day is whether Humpty Dumpty can, by any contrivance, be set up again. It is understood that all the "king's horses and all the king's men" are to be put in requisition in order to repair the fall of that celebrated character. Whether the combination will be more successful on the present than, as we learn from the old rhyme, it proved on a former occasion, remains to be seen. Reputations, like textile fabrics, differ in their wearing qualities. Those of a more substantial material will bear washing—there are others which, when once soiled, must be thrown aside. The most showy stuffs are those which least bear the reparative processes. A cleaned glove or a white-washed Minister do not altogether lose the traces of their previous defilement. Indeed, in both cases, the deterrent process is apt to leave behind it a treacherous odour. You may do what you please, but it is not easy to pass off as sound either a hack or a statesman who has once thoroughly broken down. You may rub the oils as hot as you please into his knees, and blister away to make the hair grow, but no one who knows what a horse is will fail to see the blemish. It is all very well to say it was an accident, and that it won't happen again; but when the forelegs are gone, the market is spoiled. We fear that all the efforts of the stable will hardly induce the public to back a favourite who comes to the post in bandages.

The schoolmen had a maxim, *doctus versatur in generalibus*, which, being interpreted, means that nothing serves the purpose of a dodge so well as a general principle. The present CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, before his romances had been parodied by the reality, was very pleasant on the subject of cries. "Our young QUEEN and our old institutions" was hardly a caricature on "Civil and Religious Liberty all over the world," or "Our institutions in Church and State." The true merit of a "cry" is that it ministers to a very real want. When you don't at all know what you mean, the very first necessity is to have something to say. It is idle to inquire into the sense of a cry, because the very object of

its creation is to supply the place of the sense which is wanting. We used to hear a great deal formerly of Conservatism, though it is now hardly good taste to mention it in the presence of any member of the present Administration. Some dozen years ago Mr. DISRAELI was indiscreet enough to suggest the inquiry, what it was that Conservatism proposed to conserve? The political career of the ingenious querist has hardly furnished any very conclusive solution of the problem he propounded. But in truth it was altogether a foolish question. The very use of such phrases is to preclude the inconvenience of embarrassing discussions. As the old lady said of "Mesopotamia" in the sermon, they are "very comfortable words." They are intended to gratify a strong but somewhat undefined sentiment, and not to satisfy an impertinent curiosity.

Of course the great daily popular preacher is very strong in these hazy formulae. The hopeless love of Whiskerandos did not find greater comfort in despair than Palmerstonian journalism derives from universal maxims applicable to the situation of its unfortunate choice. The Leviathan of the Press has made a mistake into which its fellow on the turf never falls, by laying all the money on the wrong horse. A blunder of this sort is not easily remedied, and it is not surprising that, under such circumstances, recourse should be had to a great constitutional apophthegm. The phrase appropriated to the occasion is just about as intelligible as such compositions usually are. We are implored with solemn earnestness to stand by the great principle of "Government by the majority." We have no doubt that this is a most excellent thing to do. It is almost as safe, indeed, as a bet of two to one on the winner. The real difficulty is to find out which is the winner, or who possesses the majority. As long as the division lobbies continue to exist, we think it probable that we shall always subsist under the "government of the majority." We really hardly know how we are to become acquainted with the misfortune against which we are so earnestly warned, except from the information supplied to us by the tellers. We can afford to be tranquil at least till the division list awakens us to a sense of our danger.

Government by a minority in a country whose affairs are conducted exclusively through the instrumentality of Parliamentary institutions, can hardly be called an evil, for it is simply an impossibility. As soon as the majority declares against an Administration, it ceases to be a Government at all; but, till it is defeated, it cannot be said to be a minority. Lord PALMERSTON was at the head of a "Government of the majority" one week on the Indian question, and he went out because he found himself in a "Government of the minority" the next week on the Conspiracy Bill. We confess we can hardly follow the reasoning which assumes that a Minister who has just been turned out by a vote of the House of Commons is at the head of the majority, and that an Administration which Parliament has, in fact, installed in his stead is a Government of the minority though it has not yet been censured or condemned. The truth is, this phrase is just one of those illusory commonplaces which are constructed for the purpose of baffling common sense. They do not bear discussion, because the very object of their enunciation is to evade analysis. It happens not to be exactly convenient to state the real proposition which it is intended should be deduced from the maxim. If it were simply affirmed that it is desirable to reinstate the PALMERSTON Government, people might be disposed to ask, for what reason and to what end—a question to which those persons who seem most to desire it do not appear to find any very ready or satisfactory reply. If it is quite certain that Lord PALMERSTON has got the majority in his pocket, of course he can come back just when he pleases, and it is hardly worth while expending so much fine writing on the subject. But if he has not, we cannot understand how any fortunate accident which might restore him to office would save us from the terrible evil against which we are so emphatically warned.

But if what is meant is that Lord PALMERSTON ought to be at the head of "a Government of the majority" because the majority ought to support Lord PALMERSTON, we come to a different issue altogether. As soon as we travel out of the domain of what is, into the territory of that which ought to be, speculation is free, and we may be permitted to ask why the majority, having so lately turned Lord PALMERSTON out of office by a direct vote of censure, should now reverse its verdict and reinstate him in power? Is it for the purpose of reviving the "spirited foreign policy" which



has been pronounced by the present House of Commons to have humiliated the national honour? Are we so eager to put more *Cives Romani* under the charge of Lord CLARENDOX, or to intrust new armies to the disinterested impartiality of Lord PANMURE? Is it because the fate of India is endangered by the dignified ease of Mr. SMITH. No bishops, happily, are dead, and it ought not to be assumed without proof that Lord DERBY will be sufficiently profane to bestow a mitre on a man who can construe Greek. Exeter Hall need not be alarmed until it is actually proved that there is some danger of learning being preferred.

The truth is, these reiterated discourses on Governments of the majority very transparently veil the fact that the gentlemen who propose to form the Government have not exactly got the majority at their disposal. Rumours were very rife, at the commencement of the week, of a great party gathering, at which the much injured majority were to meet the future Government. But before the day arrived, it was thought more convenient to countermand the "at homes." Perhaps it was thought that the numbers who might avail themselves of the invitation would not altogether fulfil the condition of the great constitutional maxim. There are some things which last all the longer for never being tried. But we suspect that, like certain Continental armies, the strength of the majority appears more considerable on paper than it would have proved on the roll-call. Whether or not the experiment which was thought too hazardous at Cambridge House is to be attempted at Westminster, remains to be seen. We are not surprised at the nervousness which is displayed in coming to a trial of strength; for it can hardly have escaped the observation of so acute an observer as Lord PALMERSTON, that "the majority," if it should happen to be outvoted, cannot well, in consistency with the great constitutional principle, expect to form a Government.

#### A NEW BENGAL ARMY.

IT was pardonable nine months ago to argue that the great void created by the revolt of the Bengal army needed no filling up. That was the period when the religious public had strong thoughts of commencing an agitation in favour of baptizing the higher castes of Hindoos with compulsory bullocks' blood—when the President of the Board of Control was in daily expectation of hearing that Delhi had been surrounded—and when his destined successor assured us there was no supply of water in the city on which its mutinous garrison could support itself for a fortnight. But now, in the midst of the flood of knowledge in which the whole nation is rejoicing—after reading "volume upon volume" about India, after despatching our "fathers, brothers, and sons" to quell the revolt—we have lost our right to insist on extemporized solutions of the great Indian difficulty which have not the value of the paper they are printed on. If the suggestion that a disciplined native army in Bengal can be dispensed with, does not prove positive dearth of knowledge, it argues serious inability to make use of information when it has been obtained, and a great poverty in those resources of imagination by which gatherings from books and men—from "volumes upon volumes," and from "fathers, brothers, and sons"—are grouped into a consistent mental picture of a distant reality.

Assuming that the manifold duties performed by the late Bengal army can be entrusted to troops less heavily armed and less carefully trained than the now revolted Sepoys, the omission to reconstitute the largest of the three native armies would leave England, relatively to the extent of her dominions, the weakest power in Hindostan. The proof of this assertion rests on a point to which the British public, quite prepared to undertake the government of India, has scarcely directed a moment's attention, though it is of immeasurable importance in the question of Indian reorganization. We allude to the vastness of the permanent military force which is employed and paid by the independent and protected Princes of Hindostan. It is often reckoned in India, and by Indians, that the native chieftains maintain more than half a million of men, quite apart from the Contingents organized on the system of Lord WELLESLEY. There can, indeed, be nothing more than an approximation to exactness in the numbers said to be maintained, from the great difficulty of knowing what addition any given sovereign could make at a pinch to his permanent levy. But there is positive information, with regard to particular Princes, that the troops in their regular pay are sufficiently

numerous to make it worse than folly to talk of doing without a Bengal native army. In Rajpootana, the single State of Jeypore supports 27,000 soldiers. The Jat Rajahs are credited with 12,000. In Indore, the permanent force amounts to 13,000. The NIZAM has rather under 20,000 men. The two formidable frontier states, Cashmere and Nepal, have standing armies, the first consisting of about 23,000, the last of 16,000, most efficient soldiers. The conclusions suggested by these numbers become still more significant when we reflect on the military character of which the government of the English in India has failed to divest large masses of the population of the Peninsula. There are whole provinces, the natives of which habitually carry arms and willingly submit to a rude discipline. Conversely, there are thousands upon thousands of trained soldiers, and of children of trained soldiers, whom British rule has forcibly converted into peaceful cultivators, and whom a revolt against that rule would instantly restore to their primitive condition. There must be plenty of peasants in Central India, alive and not too old to serve again, who have actually ridden in many a bloody raid with the Pindarree hordes. With regard, too, to the native standing armies, it must be remembered that one office of the Contingents was to overawe them. The disloyalty of the Contingents renders it impossible to employ them again; but then the permanent forces of the Indian sovereigns will be proportionably strengthened.

It will of course be answered that the Princes of India may be deprived of the privilege of surrounding themselves with these formidable levies; or it may be said that the apprehension of danger from them is chimerical, since they have not been employed against us in the present revolt, and are not likely to be in any future eventuality. So far as regards the first objection, it is enough to remark that the attempt to disband the forces in question would be a most hazardous addition to the Herculean labour of restoring general order throughout India; while, at the same time, the proved loyalty of the reigning native sovereigns would be ill repaid by our robbing them of that which they are accustomed to regard as the most majestic appendage of their state. Is it, then, a safe assumption that though these forces must continue to exist, they may be disregarded because they are the stipendiaries of princes whose fidelity has been tried as by fire? It is impossible not to see that those who would suggest this look upon the native principalities as political communities with clearly ascertained interests and a settled policy. "SCINDIAH," says a little manual of Indian information, published since the mutiny, "is a fertile country, bounded on the north by Rajpootana and on the south by Berar." This ominous conversion of a dynastic into a territorial name indicates perhaps exactly the sort of opinions which are current about the Princes of India. They have been faithful now, it is argued, and they will always be faithful—as the father has been, so will be the son. But, in fact, the loyalty of the reigning sovereign proves absolutely nothing as to the disposition of his successor. As every member of the dynasty ascends the throne, a revolution of character may occur, and, so far as circumstances may permit it, a revolution of policy. The education of the Nizam, of the representatives of the various Mahratta houses, of the semi-independent princes in Rajpootana and elsewhere—and, more than all, of the chiefs of Cashmere and Nepal—is such as to guarantee nothing whatever with regard to the political affections of the future sovereign. The most valuable of our auxiliaries may be transmuted any day into the most dangerous of our neighbours. JUNG BAHADOOR is our faithful friend, because British power is to him a reality seen by the eyes and handled by the hands. But JUNG BAHADOOR is only Mayor of the Palace. He himself rose to authority by the assassination of his uncle and benefactor; and next year, a lucky dagger or a more than usually prosperous court intrigue may place 15,000 of the only Indian troops whom the British soldier names with respect, at the disposal of a chieftain animated with the spirit of TIPPOO or CHEETOO.

The extension of Crown authority in India has always been accompanied by a tendency to wild enterprises outside the country. The establishment of suzerainty in Affghanistan, and of sovereignty in Pegu, would never have had the faintest attraction for anybody familiar with the natural conditions of our dominion in the East; but they were just the objects which commend themselves to that extemporaneous Indian statesmanship to which the Empire is now to be delivered over. After the suppression of the East India Company, India will be helplessly entangled

in the meshes of European statecraft, and a Bengal army will be necessary to give an imposing air to demonstrations in Persia, or Central Asia, or Burmah, or Siam, or China, or (it may very possibly be) in Japan. But even though it should be assumed that the great lesson just received will confine the restlessness of Governors-General to the physical boundaries of Hindostan, a large native soldiery can never be dispensed with so long as forty or fifty little armies remain to be overawed, watched, and controlled within India itself. The character and equipment of these troops must of course give the measure of the degree of efficiency which ought to distinguish our own stipendiaries. Whatever be the constitution of the new Bengal army, it must equal in discipline the levies of SCINDIAH and HOLKAR, and the much more formidable brigades of JUNG BAHADOOR in Nepal. It is mere folly to suggest that all the soldiery in India together would not stand against the European regiments who will now form its permanent garrison. Certainly, if a combination of insurgent Princes were to have the goodness, like King JAMES at Flodden, to march all its men in a body to the plains of Bengal, nobody need doubt the results of a pitched battle with 40,000 Englishmen. But this is not the service to be discharged. Small revolts have to be prevented or put down. Local disturbances have to be quelled before they give a stimulus to disaffection. Suspected enemies have to be awed by the contiguity of British brigades numerically as well as morally powerful. A small and very precious force *d'élite*, such as the Europeans in India will still continue to be, would never be fit for the burden of duties like these. We must have native troops for rapid movements at pestilential seasons and over difficult country, and for perpetual small operations against foes not superior to themselves in general military aptitude. There is not a shadow of reason for believing that the Europeans in India will be equal to a greater variety of duties than under the former system. The astonishing events we have just witnessed, though they prove that the English soldiery are fully up to the pitch of a supreme effort to preserve or re-establish the empire, confirm all former impressions as to the disadvantages of European campaigning in a tropical country. Europeans can fight better than Hindoos, can march faster, can fast longer, can bear more trying fatigue, and can even endure greater heat. All this was well known before, but it is not the less true that the strain once over, they sink from its effects. It is dishonest to flourish the roll of English victories and slur over the list of English casualties. No person competently informed is ignorant that the waste of English life during the last eleven months has been enormous; and no person aware of this fact would contemplate without a shudder the prospect of a European army permanently addressing itself to efforts distantly resembling that mighty one which is now being brought to a triumphant close. We must, beyond all possibility of doubt, keep in our pay a great native auxiliary force, disciplined and equipped at least as completely as the best of the legionaries attached to native powers. And if the point of discipline and equipment which has to be aimed at is such that the men of the new Bengal army are really soldiers and not policemen, to call them policemen will only be an ingenious expedient for degrading the officers and demoralizing the rank and file.

#### THE QUARTERLIES ON POLITICS.

IT is extremely singular that the youth, manhood, and old-age of periodicals should correspond so exactly to the same stages in human life. Why should a long-established Review contract a marked air of old-fogyism? Contributors come and go—editors change—new subjects force their way into prominence—even words alter their meaning—but, though the presence of a new generation makes itself felt in the pages, the general look of the publication grows steadily more venerable. Perhaps a contributor to either of the two great Quarterlies is under the impression that he is writing for old gentlemen. Perhaps he is an old gentleman himself. Perhaps, though young in years, he believes himself an intellectual continuation of HORNER or SOUTHEY, and writes as he imagines those worthies would have written if their lives had been prolonged to the present hour. Whatever be the cause, the air of antiquity is not only there, but cannot by any effort be shaken off. The two principal Reviews indulge sometimes in the affectations of contemporary youth—the *Quarterly* will every now and then talk Kingsleyism, and the *Edinburgh* Carlylese; but somehow the impression left

is that of *mollets*, false teeth, and purple-dyed whiakers. It is no use publishing articles about the *Pays Latin*, or that fastest of young American poets, EDGAR ALLAN POE. Everybody feels that this is a painful attempt of these respectabilities to join in conversation with the young people, and that they are only really at home in Dr. JOHNSON and the speeches of Lord BROUGHAM. It is to be observed, meanwhile, that the characteristics of old age in the two principal Reviews are not identical. The *Quarterly* is anile—the *Edinburgh* is senile. Each has its appropriate qualities, good and bad. The *Quarterly* talks about old times with the manner of a *très grande dame*; it has a pretty taste in flowers, and potters about charmingly among old china and new inventions of the less recondite sort. On the other hand, it is apt to tease you with exclaiming what a wonderful thing the Electric Telegraph is; it is very troublesome on theology; it scolds terribly when provoked, and condescends occasionally to slipshod grammar. The *Edinburgh* is weighty, sententious, and anecdotal. But its instructive gravity is sometimes boring, and its most solemn periods embody threadbare views and exploded theories. It has a way of fathering the most outrageous platitudes on Mr. FOX, and the most excruciating jokes on Mr. SHERIDAN. It has lately, too, become painfully anxious about a future state. We regret to add that it has contracted some distressing habits. It decidedly slobbers. It means kindly to Lord PALMERSTON, but it would do well not to embrace him.

The article in the *Edinburgh* on the "Second Derby Ministry" is positively the most pitiable thing which has been printed on the fall of the late Ministry. What an immoral old gentleman is here personated! This is apparently the same writer who a year ago vociferously rejoiced that conscience had been eliminated from the newly elected Parliament. Now, characteristically omitting all reference to Lord CLANRICARDE and the Whig Bishops, he attributes Lord PALMERSTON's expulsion from office exclusively to the gratuitous petulance of the House of Commons. Nothing, insists the *Edinburgh*, could be more natural or justifiable than the requisition of the French Government. Nothing could be prompter or more dignified than Lord CLARENDON's reply. Nothing could be more conclusive than Lord COWLEY's explanation. Nothing could be more insidious than Mr. GIBSON's amendment. Nothing could be more shamefully factious than the conduct of the Opposition. The verses of this jeremiad have been too often chanted by the Palmerstonian journals for us to be greatly moved by their reiteration in the Whig Review, but a few words of special notice must be bestowed on one or two arguments of a sort which, we are glad to reflect, the world has not an opportunity of perusing more than once a quarter. The *Edinburgh* has the assurance to hint that what the Imperial Government was really entitled to was an Alien Act, and that the true object of Lord CLARENDON's diplomacy was to escape from compliance with this demand; so that, in submitting to the less offensive request for an alteration in our laws, the Foreign Minister in fact obtained a success. "The subject," writes the reviewer, "was not new between Lord CLARENDON and M. DE PERSIGNY, and therefore there was the less demand for a formal authoritative written declaration of the views of the British Government as to the expulsion of political refugees." We suppose it would be useless to point out to the reviewer that there is very gross indecency in taking credit, on behalf of an English Minister, for a refusal to surrender the right of asylum. The question of its preservation is utterly beyond the pale of international discussion; nor does any imaginable firmness on a point so fundamental condone subservience or lack of spirit on subjects which may legitimately be debated with the plenipotentiaries of foreign Powers. But what may not be expected from a journal which, solitary in the English press, has undertaken the defence of the French Colonels! "It is clear," we find at page 566, "that their object was not to insult England, to foment war, or to expose themselves to any real peril. They did not expect to be taken at their word. What they meant was to use a hyperbolic phrase for signifying their devotion to the reigning EMPEROR and his dynasty; they wished to convey to him that they were ready to do and suffer all things for his sake; and those who bid the highest in this auction of flattery, might hope to obtain the solid reward of promotion." Next time the respectable *vieillard* who indited these lines is knocked down, or called an "old fool," by a swaggerer in the street, we trust he will take it as a satisfactory explanation that his assailant only wanted to show his courage, and get made a policeman.



The contrast between the political articles of the *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh* is almost startling. If the *Quarterly* in this part of its impression retains any of its feminine characteristics, they are those which it has in common with the Dorian mothers, or the Begum who gave our countrymen so much trouble at Lucknow. Liberalism of the most advanced colour will be hard to please if it finds anything to object to in the paper on "France and the late Ministry." It is particularly remarkable that we are indebted to the leading Conservative, and not to the leading Liberal Review, for an exposure of one glaring diplomatic sophism which the French Government has been freely employing throughout the late communications. Count WALEWSKI has constantly insisted on the state of popular feeling in France; and the French governmental newspapers, following his example, are at this very moment appealing to the general indignation supposed to be called forth by the acquittal of Dr. BERNARD. Now, it is quite true that, in all international negotiations, Sovereigns are entitled to identify themselves absolutely with their subjects. It is a necessary fiction of diplomacy that a Government accurately represents the country it governs, and the negotiators on the other side are formally precluded from looking past the recognised authorities, and introducing into the discussion the supposed interests or desires of the people which lies behind. But when a foreign Power voluntarily dissociates its subjects from itself, and insists on *their* passions as a separate basis for a diplomatic requisition, it releases us from the obligation to respect an assumption which may not be correct, and permits us to inquire whether the excited state of feeling alleged by the despatches has any real existence. "It is allowable," says the *Quarterly*, "when we see the name of the French nation quoted in this controversy, and when we are terrified with glowing descriptions of its excited condition, to admit into our minds the possibility that that name may perhaps be taken in vain. This does not imply that popular feeling is wantonly falsified by the Ministers of the EMPEROR. These high authorities must not be supposed to deceive; but they may themselves be misled by subordinate persons who speak to them smooth things, and therefore they cannot help misleading others. With us, it is a canon that, if the people be without proper organs, its sentiments cannot be certainly known. . . . From this want of competent and regular organs in France, it has come about that we really have but the very scantiest means of judging what are the feelings of the country on the subject before us. At one time we are told that the resentment of the French against England can hardly be restrained—at another, that the popular discontent is aimed at the EMPEROR."

The most novel portion of the Reviewer's remarks is his mode of accounting for that seeming reversal of Lord PALMERSTON's principles of action which a Belgian journal expressed by exclaiming—*L'audacieux Palmerston s'est trouvé tout à coup accusé de timidité; Phaeton est mort de prudence!* The *Quarterly* suggests that ever since the Congress of Paris the English Government had been straining the alliance by differences with the French EMPEROR on a variety of small points. The approximation of England and Austria must have meant something, and it probably indicated that, on many recent occasions, Lords CLARENDON and PALMERSTON had ranged themselves shoulder to shoulder with Count BUOL on the general field of European diplomacy, with the French Plenipotentiaries standing on the opposite side. It is pretty well known, from the jubiliations of Austria, that the result was to thwart the French Government on several points, and to extort concessions from it on others. Such a policy, in the existing state of relations between England and France, produced its natural fruit in Count WALEWSKI's despatch. After giving way so many times, the Imperial Ministers thought themselves entitled to ask for a reciprocal concession from England. They asked, and were not refused, for Lord PALMERSTON quite understood the points of the diplomatic game. In fact, they had made no mistake, except omitting to take into consideration the sentiments of the English people.

#### EQUAL JUSTICE.

ARE the Directors of the Royal British Bank to be the scape-goats for the sins of the whole nation? Is their punishment to be a warning to others, or is it to purchase absolute indemnity for all similar criminals? The LORD ADVOCATE seems to look upon an ex-officio prosecution, not

as a means of preventing crime, but merely as a contrivance for satiating the indignation of the public by the spectacle of a single exceptional act of severity. We think he will find the demand for fair play and equal justice too strong for him, and that, in the matter of the Western Bank of Scotland, he will have to do, with an ill grace, what it was clearly his duty to do without pressure or solicitation. Whatever may be the correct view of the functions of his office, about which the present and the late Lord Advocates seem to differ in opinion, it will scarcely be denied that if a strong *prima facie* case of legal guilt is presented to the public prosecutor of Scotland, it becomes his duty to see that the charge is investigated. Now is there, or is there not such a *prima facie* case? Why, not a shadow of a doubt can rest on any one's mind that the accusations brought forward by Mr. BRADY in the House of Commons were justified by the facts. The Directors were bound to call a meeting to wind up the Bank whenever a fourth part of the capital had been lost. They lost all, and much more than all the capital, yet no such meeting was ever summoned. They were bound to take some sort of care of the 7,000,000*l.* of money entrusted to their keeping; and they suffered it to be squandered in reckless advances to speculators, who kept their regular staff of acceptors for the manufacture of accommodation bills, and were perhaps the worst of all the rotten firms which fell during the crisis which they had contributed to bring about. These may or may not be legal crimes by the law of Scotland, but we will not assume either the law or the facts, and will give the LORD ADVOCATE the benefit of the doubt whether his friends are on these grounds amenable to justice. We are content even to say nothing about the absurd representation that not a particle of moral blame attaches to conduct such as this. But even on the showing of the LORD ADVOCATE himself, his former clients are amenable to justice; and so far from a *prima facie* case being wanting, his own account of the matter is almost enough to make a conviction certain. He does not pretend to deny that, after the Bank had lost all its capital and about 2,000,000*l.* of the money entrusted to its keeping, the Directors represented it to be in a flourishing condition, and actually declared a dividend of 9 per cent. If that was done knowingly, or even with a well-grounded suspicion that the Bank was not in a state to justify a dividend at all, the Directors were guilty of the very offence which an English court has visited with imprisonment.

It is not pretended that the Scotch law is feebler than ours. On the contrary, it is a common boast of lawyers north of the Tweed that their Courts exercise a larger and more efficacious jurisdiction in cases of commercial fraud than is given by the Common Law of England. Why, then, are Scotch Directors to follow with impunity the practices which the Royal British Bank imported to our side of the border? It is not necessary to question a word of the LORD ADVOCATE's apology to establish something more than a *prima facie* case for a prosecution. A number of gentlemen, we will suppose, of the most unimpeachable integrity, the most sensitive honour, and the highest aptitude for business, undertook the responsibility of keeping millions of deposits attracted from all classes of the Scotch people. They lost all, and involved themselves and their fellow shareholders in liabilities for 2,000,000*l.* more. Then they declared that they were making profits sufficient to warrant a dividend of 9 per cent. No man in his senses will believe that the Directors really thought it was an honest representation of the state of the Bank to say that it could fairly pay a dividend of 9 per cent. The LORD ADVOCATE himself does not venture to assert his belief that this was the case, and yet it is the only conceivable defence by which a conviction could be resisted.

With considerable adroitness, Mr. INGLIS endeavoured to attribute to others the preposterous hypothesis which he could not venture to maintain himself. The Shareholders' Committee had, with decent reticence, charged the Directors, not with wilful fraud, but with having trusted to the statements of their manager with a simplicity "almost incredible;" and the LORD ADVOCATE presents this "almost incredible" suggestion, which he does not even say that he believes, as a sufficient ground for assuming that the gross misrepresentation involved in the declaration of high dividends by an insolvent concern was made in the most perfect ignorance that there were no profits to divide. A certain amount of darkness may have veiled the transactions of the manager, but it is monstrous to take for granted, without a title of proof, that the Directors who fixed the dividend honestly believed the Bank to be worth several millions

more than it actually possessed. We do not assume that they were guilty of appropriating the funds of the Bank to their own purposes, and it is not very obvious how the contradiction of an imputation which has never been made can furnish grounds for not prosecuting an offence the committal of which is scarcely denied by any one. Misrepresentation was the crime of the British Bank Directors, and the only crime for which they were punished; and unless the LORD ADVOCATE is prepared to disprove the similar misrepresentations made by the Board of the Western Bank, he can scarcely escape the unwelcome task of instituting proceedings against them. It is a long time now since our law reformers found out the not very recondite truth that the deterring efficacy of the law depends much more upon the certainty and uniformity of punishment than upon its severity. When all men know that a particular offence will infallibly be visited with condemnation, they will be careful to avoid the crime, whether a short term of imprisonment or a sentence of transportation is the allotted punishment. Absolute uniformity of procedure, without respect of persons, concerns the honour and purity of the law even more nearly than its efficiency. To allow one set of men to escape retribution for offences which have consigned others to prison, is to degrade the law in the eyes of the whole world; and if the favoured delinquents happen to include legal dignitaries and titled friends among their apologists, ill-natured people will not be slow to explain their impunity in a manner which will reflect little credit on the officials who have charge of the administration of justice.

The greatest blot on the character of modern society is the low tone of morality which prevails in business matters, especially in the conduct of Joint-stock Companies. All the shades of dishonesty, from the grossest swindling to the mildest deception, are illustrated by abundant examples which the disasters of last autumn brought to light. Parliament itself has recognised the fact that falsehood in commercial affairs is the crime of the day, and has passed a new statute of unexampled severity for the purpose of repressing the growth of the evil. The result of the British Bank trial has happily proved that such offences are not beyond the reach even of the old Common Law, and if the same measure is meted out to all who have been guilty in the same way, the fate of Mr. CAMERON and his Directors cannot fail to exercise a wholesome influence. But if the sentence passed upon these worthies is to remain an isolated precedent—if it is to be understood that the crime of which they were convicted is henceforth to go unpunished—the incarceration of half-a-dozen unlucky victims will only make men question the fairness and despise the threats of a capricious law.

It is of the first importance that the impartiality of our Courts of justice should be vindicated by the punishment of every man who is fairly chargeable with the crime for which the British Bank Directors have suffered. The names of many against whom there is more than a *prima facie* case are in every one's mouth. The Western Bank of Scotland is by no means the only institution which invites a prosecution; but the shameless attempts which have been made, first to bolster up the concern, and afterwards to screen the manager and directors, make it doubly important that justice should be done in this pre-eminently disgraceful case.

#### BERNARD'S CASE.

THE verdict by which Bernard was acquitted is an event of historical importance. It may influence very seriously our relations with the Continent in general, and with France in particular. It is perfectly certain to be the occasion of many unfavourable criticisms upon the purity of our administration of justice; and it can hardly fail to be used as an argument to show the emptiness of our protestations that assassination is a crime peculiarly abhorrent to our nation. It therefore becomes very material to consider how far the verdict was well founded. For this purpose we must examine the evidence given at the trial. The essential facts of the case lie in a narrower compass than the great length of the proceedings would lead us to expect. According to the wise principles of English law, nothing, whatever might be its notoriety, was assumed against the prisoner. Facts which have become matter of history were proved with the same elaborate care which was employed in tracing out the most obscure parts of the case. For our purposes, it is not necessary to go through this part of the evidence. That Orsini, Pierri, Rudio, and Gomez planned and carried into execution the attempt to murder Louis Napoleon, and that in so doing they

caused the death of Battie, by means which might naturally have been expected to lead to that result, no one can possibly deny. It is also admitted that at the very time when this plot was in preparation, Bernard was engaged in the manufacture of fulminating mercury, which was avowedly designed to form the charge of implements similar to, if not identical with, those which were used at Paris. He was, moreover, the intimate friend of Orsini, and a correspondent of Allsop, who ordered the grenades from the manufacturer at Birmingham. He hired Rudio, then in deep distress, to join Orsini in Paris just before the attempt was made. After the attempt, he instructed Mrs. Rudio to go down to Nottingham, telling her to say that she was going to Godalming, and that she was to pass by her maiden name. He said she was not to be surprised if she read anything about "her husband in the newspapers." He afterwards promised to send her money. It is impossible not to infer from this that, after the crime, he attempted to prevent the discovery of those who were concerned in it. This, however, is not the strongest part of the case. Nearly all the arms which the conspirators employed passed through his hands. It was not contested that he supplied two of the revolvers with which they were provided, and it is admitted that he contrived various pretences by which an innocent person, M. Outrequin, was induced to deliver them to Orsini, who passed under the name of Allsop. It was also proved that he managed the introduction of the grenades into Paris—that he sent them, in the first instance, to Brussels, under the pretence that they were gas machinery—that at Brussels he introduced Orsini to the person (Giorgi) in whose care they had been left, as an Englishman who was going to take a horse to Paris, and who wanted to find a lad to take charge of it on the road—that he directed that this lad (Zeguere) should take the grenades with him in the horse-box, in a carpet bag—and that Zeguere took them accordingly, and left them at Orsini's hotel on a bench on the outside of the room where he then was, directing the people of the hotel to give them to him. Mr. James dexterously contrived to raise some question as to the identity of these grenades with those which were manufactured at Birmingham and produced in Court; and no doubt the different persons who saw them at Brussels did not describe them in precisely the same manner, or with very minute accuracy. Apart, however, from the extreme insignificance of their disagreement, it is important to observe that the identity of the grenades does not depend on the accuracy of their description. If the evidence is believed (and its vagueness was extremely natural) it comes to this:—Mr. Taylor proved that the shells picked up on the spot after the crime were made by him. Giorgi proves that Bernard gave him somewhat similar shells to take to Brussels, and that he packed up and gave to Zeguere what Bernard gave to him. Zeguere carried to Paris what he received from Giorgi, and delivered it to Orsini. Orsini unquestionably made use of similar shells a few days afterwards in the Rue Lepelletier, and when the police searched his room after his arrest they found no others. If this does not show that Bernard sent the shells which Orsini used, we do not know how any evidence can prove anything. To attempt to evade the force of such evidence by showing that various people who saw the shells *in transitu* described them in different ways, is simply absurd. If A gives a letter to B, and B gives to C what he received from A, it is idle to dispute its identity on the ground that A thinks, though he is not sure, that the seal was black, whilst B is of opinion that it was red.

Such was the principal evidence against the prisoner. That it would have justified a verdict of guilty, few persons perhaps will seriously doubt; but it is, we think, true that it does not entirely disprove the possibility that Orsini did not communicate the whole of his plans to Bernard. The prisoner's conduct towards Mrs. Rudio, after the perpetration of the crime was known, is no doubt suspicious in the extreme. It clearly shows that he wished to prevent any discoveries which might be made through her agency; but it is not inconsistent with the supposition that it was prompted by a general wish to thwart the French Government, rather than by the fears of an accomplice before the fact. On the hypothesis suggested by Bernard's advocate, the small number of the weapons provided might, perhaps, be explained by the supposition that arms for revolutionary purposes can only be accumulated by dribblets, and that these particular weapons were destined for some central dépôt which a sense of honour prevented the prisoner from pointing out. These suppositions, no doubt, are neither natural nor free from difficulty. There is no evidence in support of them; but they are not absolutely disproved; and juries, in capital cases, are very apt to demand an amount of proof which falls little short of mathematical demonstration. The evidence in Madeleine Smith's case was perhaps a little weaker than the evidence against Bernard. The evidence against the suspected parricide, tried last winter at Chester was certainly stronger, and the same may be said of the case of Carpenter, who was very lately acquitted at Hertford, for murdering a policeman at Stevenage. Although, therefore, we cannot express our assent to the verdict, we are equally unable to look upon it as a mere political demonstration, though it would be useless to contend that it was entirely uninfluenced by political sympathies. It must also be remembered that, in strictness, the jury had a perfect right to entertain the question of law, as well as the question of fact. They were to



find not a special, but a general verdict. They had to say whether the prisoner was an accessory before the fact to murder, not whether he was instrumental in causing the death of Battie; and it is very possible that, notwithstanding the reservation of points of law by the Court, they may have given some weight to the circumstance that the whole case was both new and doubtful.

Whatever we may think of the result of the trial, it is impossible for any thoughtful person not to regret most deeply several of its incidents. We can understand the sentiment that it would have been harsh to prevent the prisoner from addressing the jury after the Judge's charge; but such interruptions are most irregular and improper, and it would be highly injurious to the dignity and impartiality of criminal procedure if they were to become usual. We do not doubt that it would have been very difficult to prevent the disgraceful scene which followed the announcement of the verdict, but it must be remembered that the Judges had had fair warning of the probability of such an occurrence, in the cheers which interrupted and succeeded Mr. James's address. If a few of the persons who outraged the decency of the Court on those occasions had been fined, a most useful lesson would have been given as to the demeanour which is becoming in those who witness so solemn a scene as a trial for life and death. The gravity and dignity of our Courts of Law are of the very highest political and social importance, and it is one of the first duties of the Judges to vindicate them effectively. These, however, are small matters in comparison with the speech of the prisoner's counsel. It is impossible to conceive anything more tawdry or more inconclusive. We do not deny Mr. James's experience, nor that he possesses considerable talent of a certain kind. In Bernard's case he dexterously appealed to the passions and prejudices of the jury which he addressed; but is that a sort of triumph which any conscientious man ought to value? How many guineas would such a man take to talk such fustian as this:—"Tell the prosecutor in this case that the jury-box is the sanctuary of English liberty. Tell him that on this spot your predecessors have resisted the arbitrary power of the Crown, backed by the influence of crown-serving and time-serving Judges. Tell him that under every difficulty and danger your predecessors have secured the political liberties of the people. Tell him that the verdicts of English juries are founded on the eternal and immutable principles of justice. Tell him that, panoplied in that armour, no threat of armament or invasion can awe you. Tell him that, though 600,000 French bayonets glittered before you, though the roar of French cannon thundered in your ears, you will return a verdict which your own breasts and consciences will sanctify and approve, careless whether that verdict pleases or displeases a foreign despot, or secures or shakes and destroys for ever the throne which a tyrant has built upon the ruins of the liberty of a once free and mighty people."

There is something very offensive in the effrontery which talks of the "eternal and immutable principles of justice," in immediate connexion with efforts to obtain a verdict founded on passion. Mr. James's whole argument amounts to nothing more than that, whereas Louis Napoleon is a perjured assassin, Bernard did not conspire to murder him. What have Louis Napoleon's perjuries or murders to do with the question? What purpose could an allusion to them serve, except that of creating prejudice? And what can we say of a man who, after dilating upon such subjects at great length, brags and swaggers about "sanctuaries of freedom" and "eternal justice?" Our liberties have been won and are secured by rigid truth and impartiality, by a careful regard for the equal administration of justice, not by bombastic talk about it. It is possible that twelve small shopkeepers may be flattered by being told that they would "return a conscientious verdict, though 600,000 French bayonets glittered before them," but every one knows they would do nothing of the sort. It is easy to bluster when there is no risk, but brave men do not usually like to do so. Jurymen's scruples yield so often to a few hours' fasting, that we may be allowed to doubt their eagerness to seal their verdicts with their blood.

We greatly regret that Lord Campbell was withheld from checking Mr. James's most improper political discussions by the fear "lest it should be supposed that the prisoner's counsel was restrained from urging points which he thought might be of service to his client." It is matter of the highest public importance that counsel should not be allowed to digress into irrelevant and exciting topics. No practice can be more fatal to the pure administration of justice. Lord Campbell's worst enemy could not suspect him of doing what would be at once unpopular and illegal; and public opinion would certainly have been on his side if he had asserted the rules of the law more strongly. We are well aware of the extreme difficulty and delicacy of such a task. We well know that, in order to secure full liberty of defence, much must be left to the discretion and good feeling of the Bar. Nothing is more easy than for a barrister to act unfairly with impunity, and to pursue the advantage of his client without a proper respect for the interests of justice. The very delicacy of the task which the Bar has to discharge imposes not only upon barristers, but upon the public at large, and on the public press in particular, the duty of exacting from them a high standard of professional honour.

#### THE SORROWS OF THE PARKS OF LONDON.

THE public parks of all nations have long been considered something more important than so many acres of grass and woodland. On a celebrated occasion a statesman measured the cost of our London Parks, in political capital, as equal to three crowns. From the days of Naboth to those of Napoleon III., monarchs seem to have split on the double rock of appropriating to their own use public or private domains. Even in the gagged and manacled Paris of the present day, there is something more than a whisper against the recent proposition to appropriate to the Tuileries a portion of the famous gardens which are the glory alike of Le Notre and of the French capital. We have not forgotten what was said in answer to a similar suggestion for adding to the Royal *temenos* at Buckingham House a little slice from St. James's Park. If a revolution is the price of appropriating the Parks, a popular émeute may be expected to follow a serious abuse of them. Public opinion is never stronger or more decisive on any class of public questions, and two recent Parliamentary interpellations on this subject are of no little interest. Lord Elcho found or made occasion last week, to express a strong opinion against an abomination in *esse*—the Suspension Bridge on the lake in St. James's Park; and also against two contingent assaults on the propriety of the other Parks—the huge shrubberies threatened in the Green Park, and the proposed clock-face on the Marble Arch at Hyde Park.

It is the fashion to praise Sir Benjamin Hall's edileship, and he deserves credit for having improved Rotten Row and for having filled up the nasty puddle opposite Piccadilly; but we decline to accompany his eulogists further. He has done what he could to cramp Sir Charles Barry's plans for completing the Houses of Parliament—he has completely ruined the ornamental enclosure in St. James's Park—and he has utterly destroyed the Green Park. The bridge was not wanted, and it is the most hideous structure that the engineer's art, prolific in ugliness, ever conceived. Whatever may be the beauty of the catenary curve, there is absolute deformity in an arch inverted on its own chord. The æsthetic beauty of an arched bridge of the ordinary type consists in the fact of the water line forming the chord. It is only a single element in a suspension bridge which has any beauty—the curve of the suspended chains. The several elements in composition cannot be other than hideous. An arch is pretty, but an inverted arch is an anomaly, and the perpendicular struts and the horizontal roadway only increase the ugliness. And what an extraordinary notion Sir Benjamin Hall seems to have of the requisite strength of a bridge! Thirty-seven thousand persons cross the bridge in a day—therefore we wanted a very strong, stout, substantial structure, such as Mr. Rendall has given us. Thirty-seven thousand persons a-day give three thousand per hour, and as the transit may be accomplished in one minute, this gives just fifty persons on the bridge at once. Double this estimate if you will, and does Sir Benjamin Hall mean to say that a structure less ponderous than the present would not support the weight of a hundred persons at a time? What an awful bridge our late Pontifex Maximus would have required if he had taken as his datum a bridge which in 365 days would have to support 13,505,000 persons—which is actually what the St. James's Bridge carries annually, according to this computation of 37,000 per day.

The St. James's Bridge, however, is not Sir Benjamin Hall's most serious fault. He has inaugurated the Iron Age in the Green Park. Green Park is only a melancholy reminiscence of the past. The name survives—the reality has quite departed. Nothing like leather, said the tanner, for a serviceable fortification—nothing like iron hurdles for landscape gardening says the Baronet from South Wales, rich in furnaces and iron ore. Sir Benjamin Hall has done his patrimony a good turn. He has laid out gravel walks (only the gravel is but pounded sea shells and shingle), and he has fenced them by every tortuous variety of the art of Vulcan. Not a newly planted tree but is defended by a hoop petticoat of iron—not a half rood of sward but is ingeniously surrounded by a bristling ring of the same material.

The field, all iron, cast a gleaming brown,

and a bird's-eye view over the Green Park suggests a gigantic spider's web in the basest and coarsest of metals. Let anybody take his stand at the Piccadilly entrance into the Green Park, opposite Hamilton Place, and judge what the undulating sweep of turf, terminated by the glorious Victoria Tower and that subordinate group of pinnacles and spires, would be were the view not distracted by the undulating and perplexing network of iron vexations which from that point grieve the heart and eye. The use of grass is to walk upon—the final cause of turf is to be trodden. The dull stony causeways, guarded by iron-fences, are a moral insult to the people of London; and if it be said that the Park was before cut up by extemporaneous footpaths, we ask what would be the relative cost of laying down new turf as compared with the capital invested in iron hurdles? New turf and an annual sowing of grass seeds would cost about as much as the annual painting of the present hurdles. So far has the mania for iron-work spread, that a noble plane tree in the hollow of the Green Park, just below the broken ground on the site of the old Ranger's house, is surrounded by an iron pound about ten

feet square. We believe the apology for the reign of iron is the necessity of economizing the grass for grazing purposes:—

Ah silly I, more silly than my sheep.

Banish all the smutty flocks from all the parks, and restore us our springy rambles on "grass growing." As things are, Cockneys must go to Barnes Common, at the nearest, before they can experience the luxury of grass. Nor is this the worst of it. Prodigality in iron necessitates economy in wood. What sheep gain, the people lose—that the flocks may feed, we must not sit down. A little of what has been spent on fences to keep us off the sward ought to have been expended on seats to invite us to loiter on it. We grudge those pennyworths of chairs, littering, unsightly, costly, and inconvenient; and the poor man has a right not only to his own free grass, but to his free bench as well as free warren.

A great deal of praise has been lavished on the new shrubberies. We cannot concur in this. A London shrubbery is a grievance, and in these days of societies an association for the prevention of cruelty to evergreens would be a social gain. Few objects are more pitiable than the life-in-death struggles of a London laurel, or a metropolitan holly, contending against the oppressions of smoke and gas exhalations. All down Piccadilly the poetic ear catches the groans and sobs of infant Dryads, from pining Phillyreas and agonized Aucubas. Sickly rhododendrons are delivered over to the miseries of lingering consumption; and a London shrubbery is as certain to perish as a captive eagle. Of course, it suited the purpose of nurserymen to recommend the shrubberies—these tradesmen would tell us that they could grow verbenas and geraniums in St. Paul's Churchyard. But the fact remains, that only one tree will stand the atmosphere of London. The plane tree renews its annual youth by casting its smut-begrimed bark, and flourishes, as in Berkeley-square, with a vigour and beauty unknown to its native haunts; but it is now impossible to grow elms, or even limes—still less laurels—within the range of London smoke. So that not only do we, with Mr. Ellice, object to the shrubberies, as interfering with air and light, but we denounce them as failing in their object. They will not act as screens to the Piccadilly houses, for the simple reason that they will never live.

With these abatements from the successes of the late First Commissioner, what are we to think of his successor? It is something to get some sort of assurance from the present Government (for Mr. Disraeli shrouded his promise in Asian mystery), that the Nelson Monument is at last about to be completed. But is the rehabilitation of Trafalgar-square to stop with the four bronze lions? What of those nasty fountains, with their basins leaking at every pore, matted with *conferva*, and tessellated with oyster-shells and broken pottery? What of the cracked and dislocated pavement? A site is given for Havelock—another is talked of for Jenner. Where is this to stop? What principle is to regulate our Charing-cross Valhalla? Are the Groves of Blarney to be repeated? Are we to have—

Moses and Cesar,  
And Nebuchadnezzar,  
All standing naked in the open air?

How are we to classify British worthies? Why Jenner and Havelock? If Sir Charles Napier, why not John Hunter to match? And who is to pair with George the Great? Why not Lady Sale on a camel? Rarey the horse tamer and Ben Caunt would answer to a classical pendant in the Dioscuri—

Κάστρον ὁ ἱππόδαμον καὶ πρὸς ἀγαθὸν Πολυδεύκτα.

We recommend Lord John Manners to be chary in his grants to the coming demands for men in brass. We confess to serious apprehensions on the score of this accomplished nobleman's taste. He is reported in Tuesday's papers to have talked such unaccountable nonsense about the clock-face on the marble arch that there must be a mistake somewhere. Lord Elcho inquired whether it was intended to stick a clock face on the Oxford-street side of the Marble Arch, of which the paper presentment is actually to be seen *in situ*—a round dial breaking the horizontal entablature. Lord John's reply is a curiosity. Certain inhabitants were alarmed at the incongruity presented by the superstructure on one of the lodges flanking the arch—the arch, be it remembered, being flanked by two abominable little buildings meant to be twins, one of which was built years ago as a keeper's lodge, while the other, for a convenient purpose, we owe to the practical mind of Sir Benjamin Hall. But on the new one is fixed an ornamental chimney, or rather pair of chimneys, joined by a round hole. The old one lacks this crowning grace. Lord John's attention was drawn to this diversity, and he "endeavoured to devise a plan by which uniformity should be secured, and the broken appearance presented by a superstructure on one side of the arch should be avoided." Common minds would have hit upon the easy device of making one lodge match its brother by putting a similar superstructure on the old lodge to pair with the new one. This, however, does not suggest itself to the First Commissioner; so, to make the two little lodges match, he inserts a clock face in the great Marble Arch which has nothing to do with them—a plan for securing uniformity which may be best understood by a parallel case. Certain inhabitants of Ludgate-hill are, we will suppose, offended by the Southern campanile of St. Paul's not exactly matching the Northern—the one presenting clock faces while the other has only blank apertures. Lord

John would secure uniformity, not by putting a clock in the blank tower, but by hanging out a big dial on the front of the dome. If the Marble Arch wants completing, it must be by surmounting it with a Quadriga—as a sort of sad memorial of the extinct mail coach—not by piercing it for a clock face. However, it is something that we are assured, in all solemnity, that it is not seriously intended "to erect a similar clock in the cocked-hat of the Duke of Wellington's statue?" Why not? On the whole, Lord Elcho's ludicrous proposition is better than Lord John Manners's serious experiment. The statue would be utilized. Our mantelpieces occasionally present a mailed warrior in bronze brandishing a wax lucifer. At any rate, if we are not to have a clock on the cocked-hat, the Duke, stretching out an apparatus for the electric light with his very useless right hand, would combine the practical with the poetical. As we can't get beauty, we might get use out of Mr. Wyatt's ugly lump of bronze. If Lord Elcho's suggestion is felicitous, ours is perhaps not less so, and has a classical precedent. The Duke would light Belgravian banqueters to their beds, like the old—

heroum simulacra per ades,  
Lampadas igniferas manibus retinentia dextris,  
Lumina nocturnis epulis ut subpeditentur.

#### THE LAST NEWS FROM OUDE.

UNTIL the official despatches from India are published, it would be unjust to express any opinion as to the last military operations in the East. Weeks ago, the capture of Lucknow was all but certain. The only question now is, whether that result has been obtained in the best way. Upon this matter the telegraphic intelligence is fragmentary, and the letters of "Our Special Correspondents" are vague and unsatisfactory. Any one who has witnessed a field-day at Chobham or Aldershot can appreciate the difficulties of "Our Reporter" on the field of battle. It is no easy matter, even for a soldier, to understand the movements of ten thousand men. But the inquisitive civilian, mounted on his pony, is utterly nonplussed. "Which is the enemy?"—"Which is the party attacking, and which the party attacked?"—"Has the position been successfully defended or triumphantly carried?"—are serious problems for the uninitiated. If, then, the perplexity of an observer is so great within thirty miles of London, and in presence of a single division, what must be the embarrassment of a spectator in the plains of Oude, watching the movements of 40,000 men, amid all the turmoil and excitement of real war? What can be expected of a London Cockney perched upon a housetop, beyond cannon-shot, and peering at early dawn through his telescope upon that cloud of dust and smoke which covers the masses of infantry, cavalry, and artillery advancing to the attack, or executing some manoeuvre? It is very well of course for a skilful writer to tell his rapt readers how he saw this position carried at the point of the bayonet, and that by the fire of the guns. But in sober truth he saw nothing of the sort—he learnt it from those who directed the movement, and who were present on the spot. The Duke of Wellington himself depended upon his aides-de-camp for information. Sir Colin Campbell must do the same. And, indeed, the very despatch in which he relates the progress of the action is constructed out of materials furnished by the Generals of Division and of Brigade. The Commander-in-Chief, of course, settles the general plan, and expects certain results, but he is compelled to hear from others the mode and the time at which those results have been achieved. But "Our Own Correspondent" has none of these advantages. Though he may have a general idea of the ultimate object of the general in command, he has no clue to the various steps intended to be taken in order to reach that result. And even if he had, his ignorance of strategy and tactics disables him from comprehending the object of the various movements even whilst they are in progress. In truth, the man who accurately foresees the plan of an attack before it is completely developed, may justly lay claim to some military genius. The character of individual interesting details and amusing stories may, no doubt, furnish materials for readable letters from the seat of war; but unless "Our Own Correspondent" can establish close relations with officers in high command, he must abandon the idea of furnishing the public with the real history of the campaign. That must be sought for in the public despatches. It is certainly a little remarkable that the newspaper letters from Oude contain much less military intelligence and much more gossip than those written in the Crimea. Possibly the difference thus early apparent will become still more striking. The man who holds chief command in the East is no easy-going old gentleman who has surrounded himself with amateur soldiers. He knows the virtue of secrecy, and his subordinates understand his principles and obey his wishes. No discussion as to the progress of an action or the conduct of an officer will probably now be heard in any reporter's tent over a newly strangled fowl and a glass of rum and water.

Scanty, however, as are the materials for forming a judgment as to the late operations, there are still some matters tolerably certain. No doubt Sir Colin Campbell would gladly have waited until the various columns converging upon Lucknow had approached nearer to the city, had it been practicable. But the climate prevented this. It appears that both Brigadier Franks and Jung Bahadoor joined the Chief before the attack on Lucknow was made. But Brigadier Chamberlain was still far



in the North, and Sir Hugh Rose was something like 250 or 300 miles to the South-West. Whether those officers made all the speed which they ought to have done, it is impossible to say; but the result is that the attack upon Lucknow by Sir Colin Campbell was made with a much smaller number of troops than was required for the annihilation of the rebel army. In fact, although the Doab between the Jumna and the Ganges was partially cleared after the battle of Cawnpore, there still remained a very formidable body of some 30,000 men at Calpee who required to be watched. It was probably intended that Sir Hugh Rose should dispose of them, but in consequence of his not having done so, Sir Colin was compelled to detach part of his army to keep them in check. Moreover, it is clear from the operations of Sir Hope Grant, that the country north of the road from Cawnpore to Lucknow swarms with rebels, and therefore it was essential to hold a considerable number of troops in such a position as to secure the communication with Cawnpore. The result is, that though Outram, from his position on the left bank of the Goomtee, has succeeded in stopping the rebels from reaching Fyzabad, they have betaken themselves in two columns towards Rohilcund and the marshes. They are, indeed, hotly pursued by cavalry and artillery, and although the natives of India march with surprising rapidity, it may be doubted whether any very large body of them will reach Rohilcund in a state of military organization. At all events it is tolerably clear that they have lost almost all their artillery, or will be compelled to abandon it for want of ammunition. Anything like a pitched battle, therefore, is not to be anticipated. There may be reason to apprehend a guerilla warfare, which, considering the nature of the country and the season of the year, will be deadly enough; but war on a great scale seems to be closed. Hitherto, Sir Colin Campbell has shown himself equal to his position. But his task is not yet complete. He has still to put a stop to a petty and vexatious war of detached posts—he has still to reassure the people of Oude and to reorganize a conquered kingdom.

Even in the absence of the public documents, it is obvious that the capture of Lucknow was a masterly business. The time and means at the disposal of the rebel garrison were ample. Their notion seems to have been that Sir Colin Campbell would advance on the city in the same direction as when he made his way to the Residency. Accordingly, they erected strong defences along the canal—a carefully constructed rampart, broken at intervals by round towers armed with guns. This defence ran straight to the river. To have attacked this in front would have entailed enormous loss. The town must be carried some other way. Sir James Outram was directed, therefore, to cross to the right bank of the river with 6000 men and 30 guns. By this means he blocked up the road to Fyzabad; but beyond this it appeared that the newly-built rampart was entirely destitute of what are called traverses. The consequence was, that the guns planted on the right bank of the Goomtee looked right down the inside of the rampart. Of course Outram's fire upset the rebel guns and destroyed the rebel gunners. In short, the defences were enfiladed, and at once abandoned. This enabled the troops on the left bank to advance in perfect safety over the lines of defence, until gradually the whole city was in possession of the British troops.

#### KING LEAR AT THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

WE shall be doing no injustice to Mr. Kean and to the admirable series of Shakspearian revivals which have made his management of the Princess's Theatre a noticeable chapter in the history of the drama, if we preface our remarks on his production of *King Lear*, last Saturday, by expressing some satisfaction that this tragedy is not susceptible of that elaboration of pictorial effect which characterized the scenic triumphs of *Richard II.* and the *Tempest*. Mr. Gladstone has remarked, in his *Homeric Studies*, that the strength of dramatic representation is when the drama is young, and that it is only in advancing years, when it has a less vigorous hold on the popular mind, that it strengthens itself by minute attention to accuracy in scenery and costume. And he goes on to observe that the Shakspearian age did not require those perfect accessories which are the boast and glory of our recent revivals. We go further, and say that in the very highest efforts of dramatic art we can nearly dispense with scenic properties. We are glad to be released from all that diminishes our concentrated gaze on the highest poetry of Lear. We do not want to be attracted from the dramatist by the stage-manager. We most thankfully recognise the conscientious study which Mr. Kean has bestowed on the costume and scenery of Shakspeare's plays. We admit both their accuracy and their propriety, and we are grateful for the labour and expense bestowed on them; but in *King Lear* we are glad to have our whole attention riveted on a mightier art than that, however creditable, which we owe to Mr. Shaw and Mr. Planché. It is well that in *King Lear* we have no overpowering and distracting luxury of stage effect. What there is, is modest, and, as far as it goes, both pleasing and correct. Lear is of no time, nor scarcely of any place. There is a British legend, and there are names of England's dwelling-places; but Lear is of the kingdom of Mansoul, and of the universal realm of human nature. It was, of course, necessary to make the play of some definite era. British

warriors, tattooed and stained blue, would scarcely have been welcomed even by the sternest archaeological precisians; and in fixing on the Anglo-Saxon age, Mr. Kean has done well in selecting a period sufficiently distant and hazy to suggest the most dim antiquity. The Anglo-Saxon period is very successfully and consistently brought out in his presentation, with only one or two inaccuracies. The rude hall of Lear, hung with the dun deers' hides, with its rough settles, deserves especial praise; and the palisade to the exterior of the castle, and the coarse tapestry accurately reproducing the illuminations of a Saxon calendar, are admirable. For the sake of their excellence we condone the mistake which has made the exterior and interior of the castle (itself, however, far too elaborate for the era) vary by at least two centuries. The triangular arches and the rude Saxon masonry are beautifully faithful, and more than outweigh the extravagant failure of Cordelia's tent. We may say the same of the dresses, though a purist might object that the peasants' caps should have been attached hoods; and while we admit that the jerkins of the nobles, embroidered with crosses, are of an ante-Norman type, we feel that these Christian emblems scarcely suit the pagan invokers of Jupiter and Juno. Here, however, we have exhausted criticism on the accessories, and we pass unqualified praise on the scene near Dover, with the Roman road, and on the skilful way in which the storm is managed.

We proceed to the text, which, on the whole—as curtailment was unavoidable—is judicious. It is only within the last twenty-five or thirty years that we have had *Lear* vindicated from the abominations of Nahum Tate, who has achieved the double glory of murdering the Psalmist and Shakspeare; and therefore as playgoers in Garrick's time never saw the *Lear* of Shakspeare, we may be pardoned for some scepticism as to Garrick's alleged excellence in the part. Perhaps the greatest error in the present edition is the suppression of a good deal of the love-making of the two sisters to Edmund. Much of the tragic completeness of the play depends on this. The tragedy is a regular cyclis on the retribution which attends any violation of the law of God and nature in man's family relations. It is the domestic Até vindicating itself for every breach of natural law. *Lear* violates the family tie of duty in undue fondness for his children, and in surrendering parental rule—which he owed both to his home and kingdom—to animal impulse of tempestuous and passionate affection.

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices  
Make instruments to scourge us—

Here is the key-note and solution of *King Lear*. And when

The wheel is come full circle,

*Lear* is punished by the unnatural ingratitude of his daughters, by his own madness, and the complicated horrors of murder, suicide, and death in the final retribution. But the two sisters, the counterparts of the Theban brothers, violate other natural duties by incestuous love of the same man, and by breach of the laws of marriage and sisterhood, while Goneril adds, or is ready to add, actual adultery to her first offence. It should therefore be well marked, as it is in Shakspeare, that filial disobedience is the parent of sensuality and all other sin; and for this end the advances of both the sisters to Edmund are significant, and should be well marked. Nor is even the most monstrous scene in Shakspeare without its deep purpose. Ulrici remarks that Gloucester's sensual and ill-governed life in his youth was punished by the loss, in unrepentant age, of his wanton eyes, and that it was only when all was dark without that he was brought to a knowledge of himself. Perhaps this is far-fetched; and we are not saying that, as in Shakspeare, Gloucester should have been blinded *coram populo*; but the lesson taught by that terrible fact is scarcely distinguished in the revival at the Princess's. Especially, the scene at Dover, where Edgar speaks of the tempting fiend luring Gloucester to perish, should not have been retrenched; and, in fact, unavoidable as we believe the omissions and curtailments to be, Shakspeare suffers by every curtailment of his own text. *Lear* not only enshrines the very highest poetry, but is a work of the most consummate and delicate art—the very highest effort of mere constructive and technical skill. There is not a phrase, still less a scene, which does not tell on the whole moral purpose. We believe that every word has its function, and that it is as impossible to omit scenes and incidents in Shakspeare as it is to wrench a figure out of the group on a Greek pediment or frieze. Look at the deep artistic contrivance of the characterization—all the personages are grouped, as in a pure sculpture, in a compensating and balanced series. Each form of madness is exhausted—the congenital, the superinduced, the fictitious; and even the alternations of mania and idiocy are marked. *Lear*, the one type of wild irregular affection, is punished by his two terrible daughters—Gloucester, the corresponding type of another form of domestic vice, is punished by his two sons in unnatural strife. Then we have the two guilty daughters flinging to the winds even their alliance at the introduction of another passion of guilty sensuality. Even Cordelia's single waywardness in not gently yielding to her fond father's extravagant affection, and conciliating him, as she was bound in duty to do, in the first scene, is terribly punished. *Padhuara padhuara*—throughout, suffering is the only remedy. Albany, well-meaning but irresolute, is only at the very last brought to do what is right by the exhibition of sin at its climax. Gloucester appears in Shakspeare—not at the Princess's—in the last act, to die on

the field of Cordelia's defeat, and thus to fill up the measure of punishment for the sins of his youth, and to drain the cup of an evil life; and it is only the two who have done all the duties of the house—Albany and Edgar—who survive to inaugurate a reign of peace. Cordelia's solitary fault is heavily avenged, but, as it were, by martyrdom. Even blameless, faithful Kent's work is over:—

I have a journey, Sir, shortly to go,  
My master calls me.

The omission of this grand final touch in the "arranged" text is grievous. Shakspeare had an object too, when, in the last scene, he gives the stage direction neglected on Saturday night—"the bodies of Regan and Cordelia brought in." We have another complaint about the text. Mr. Kean's editor, by the loss of a single half line, destroys the profound beauty of the fool's life and death. We say death, because, judging from the play at the Princess's, nobody can tell what becomes of the fool. It is a mean and sorry thought to suggest that he only dies of cold. Shakspeare tells us in six significant words, which are omitted in Mr. Kean's version, why and when the fool dies. Indeed, at the end of the third act there is the most serious tampering with the text, and consequently with dramatic propriety. At the Princess's, the fool seems to die of the exposure on the heath, and staggers off in Lear's arms to the hovel, murmuring the pathetic song—

The rain it raineth every day,

and never speaks, nor indeed appears on the stage, after Edgar's appearance as poor Tom. In Shakspeare, however, the fool takes part in the scenes with Edgar, answers his snatches of madness, sings scraps of wild melody as before, sits as assessor in that most wonderful scene, the arraignment of the daughters—the creation of Shakspeare after most matured thought, for it does not occur in the folio—and the omission of which, and a transposition at the same place, form the greatest mistake in Mr. Kean's edition; and it is only then that the fool disappears, and disappears avowedly to die. Shakspeare dismisses him with a master touch of pathos. Lear says, in the inversion of all natural order—

Draw the curtains: so, so: We'll go to supper i' the morning.

"And," replies the fool—and in this significant phrase is marked the beautiful catastrophe of that marvellous conception—"I'll go to bed at noon." The sun, in this chaos of the moral day, goes down at noontide even for the brain-shattered fool. He, the loving and the beautiful, who had pined away at Cordelia's departure, is stricken down, not by the tempest of the skies, but by the storm of woe and sin. All nature is inverted—he "goes to bed at noon." Nor are we content with Mr. Kean's two other notable omissions. He omits the famous *hystericæ passio* in the first act; and in the last scene—

Her voice was ever soft,  
Simple and low: an excellent thing in woman—

why should these last household words be cut out? Our word for it, Shakspeare knew what he meant by giving Lear an expiring expression of sympathy with human-kind, from which in his frenzy he had been estranged. Neither, when Goneril's death is announced, does Shakspeare talk Cockneyism—he does not say—

Your lady is no more.

And what monstrous reading is this, which Mr. Kean has adopted?

Rather I choose  
To be a comrade with the wolf, and howl  
Necessity's sharp pinch.

We do not care one farthing for authorities, though a cursory glance at the editions gives us reason to believe that there is not the least ground for innovation on the common text—

To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,  
Necessity's sharp pinch.

Nor are we altogether satisfied with Miss Poole's rendering of the Fool. Perhaps it is impossible to act the character at all. Into that profound conception no actor can enter. That strange affection, more or less than human—that profound and deeply philosophic mixture of the grotesque and the highest tragedy—the wonderful fusion, as it were, of the Greek chorus and Sancho Panza—the brain reeling, and yet the large moral grasp of firm truth—all this is certainly above Miss Poole. A pleasant middle-aged singing woman, with only archness, is not the Fool of *Lear*. Mr. Ryder's Edgar was painstaking, and in one or two instances quite successful. But as we believe that a fictitious maniac is not presentable by human art, it is no disparagement to this conscientious actor to pronounce his acting of Edgar only as good as could have been expected. Miss Kate Terry is not the Cordelia of our imagination; but she did her best, and gave evidence of careful study.

We have reserved for our concluding criticism some notice of Mr. Kean's *Lear*. We may say at once that we are not measuring it by any standard, either of theory or experience, nor are we acquainted with the stage traditions of the part. We never saw *Lear* before; but to see it in this way is an era in theatrical experiences. It is unquestionably the most difficult part on the European stage. It requires the deepest study and

the very highest powers, natural and acquired, such as are given to few. A man of fine education and of insight into all the recesses of passion, as well as a sense of poetry, and of the more subtle nuances of character, alone can play *Lear* even tolerably. Mr. Kean has, in a measure which no other living actor possesses, these high qualifications. And as we do not believe that the present age is in any respect inferior to its predecessors, and as we are quite sure that Mr. Kean has special advantages which his predecessors had not, we make no doubt that in fact he does exceed all the Burbages, Bettertons, and even Garricks of the past. His *Lear* does him and the stage the greatest credit. It is a personation which the students and lovers of art on higher than mere playgoing grounds should witness. It is nothing less than a work of true art, as much as a poem is. *Lear* is, we repeat it, a character of overwhelming difficulty. Selfish, tempestuous, self-willed, passionate, unreasoning for good and for ill, utterly deficient in judgment, unballasted by any sense of duty, he is throughout possessed. The transitions from undisciplined love to unbridled hate are given by Mr. Kean with wonderful truth. The gasping, panting, ineffectual, scarcely honest attempts to check his wildest passion, and especially the tremendous curse—

Hear, Nature, hear—

all this was rendered after the most careful study, and the last speech in the first act was given in a curdled whisper, which drew down such genuine applause as theatres seldom witness. The first two acts, in which mere passion has its sway, were awful; but if we are asked to point out Mr. Kean's especial triumph, it was in the scene where he recognises Cordelia:—

Do not laugh at me:  
For as I am a man, I think this lady  
To be my child Cordelia.

Here was the great success of the play. The gradual subsiding of the tempest of the soul, the faltering, hesitating return to human affection, and yet the ground swell still eddying on—all this Mr. Kean gave with the finest appreciation. We believe it to be impossible for scenic art to go beyond this. We think it quite possible that many actors could play the passionate scenes as well as Mr. Kean; but the fourth act, especially the scene—

No, they cannot touch me for coining; I am the king myself;  
down to—

Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill,

it is impossible to represent better. And then the old passionate nature surviving, the clinging to his recovered daughter, the utter insensibility to any other blow of fortune when the desire of his eyes was once more within his convulsive grasp, was exquisitely true. To say that *Lear* is Mr. Kean's masterpiece is cold praise—it is a masterpiece of scenic truth. Mr. Kean acts with what none but the highest artists act—a sense of duty. The physical exertion is appalling, yet not a single moment does the actor relax his intense hold of the character. All the accessories, of madness both in its wildest and most childish moods, the fixed stony stare, and the imbecile dallying with Edgar's straws, especially

I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban—

and the lightning gleams of consciousness for an instant flashing through the mental darkness—here is what tries the most consummate powers. Mr. Kean was equal to the occasion; and the occasion was the most trying for those powers—not less than the very greatest—which all must now confess that he possesses. If terror and pity are the chief ends of the tragic art, and if in *King Lear* the greatest master of tragedy has wrought out these great ends in his highest mood and with the most sublime effect, it is not too much to say that in the representation of this character at the Princess's the actor has fulfilled its highest capabilities. With the most careful, conscientious, and elaborate analysis, Mr. Kean has caught every phase of thought, and while he has reflected the passing gleams and shadows of feeling, he has followed up every intricate maze of passion and emotion. To understand *Lear* implies a philosophy, to act *Lear* requires an art—Mr. Kean has both.

## REVIEWS.

### THE PLAYS OF LILLY.\*

THE Library of Old Authors has conferred a great service on literature by republishing Lilly's plays in an accessible form. They are not, indeed, in any respect works which deserve to be remembered for their own merit. As compositions, they are rather masques than plays, with rapid and strange transitions, with grotesque interludes and coarse humour, but without unity of design, or exquisite distinctions of character, or vigour of thought, or touches of tenderness. A few clever passages which Shakspeare has imitated, and a great many conceits which *Love's Labour Lost* was perhaps written to ridicule, furnish matter rather for the commentator than for the general reader. There

\* *The Dramatic Works of John Lilly, the Euphuist.* With Notes, and some Account of his Life and Writings. By F. W. Fairholt, F.S.A. London: John Russell Smith.



is, indeed, an immortality for all who have touched the skirts of Shakespeare, but sometimes it is only that which embalms them in the annotations of his critics. Fortunately, Lilly has other claims to be remembered. Adam Smith assigns the second order of greatness to those who succeed in perverting their contemporaries. On this principle the author of *Euphuism* has unquestionably won his patent of nobility. Mr. Fairholt quotes the testimony of his editor, Blunt, in 1632, that "that beauty in Court which could not parley *Euphuism* was as little regarded as shee which now there speaks not French." Thanks to Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Kingsley, we all know pretty well what the style of Court language must have been, though it cannot often have blossomed out into such extravagances as the authors' talent has ascribed to Sir Piers Shafton and Frank Leigh.

But a vague knowledge of the way in which *Euphuists* used to talk does not assist us to understand why it was that the fashion arose. Clearly it cannot have been Lilly's personal influence. Without birth and without fortune, rusticated at Oxford for "glancing at some abuses," earning a precarious livelihood by the London stage, or in controversy with the terrible Martin Mar-prelate, petitioning Burleigh for patronage, or the Queen for a pension and a place—in these few facts the sum of Lilly's life is comprised, as far as his editor's researches extend. These are not the natural antecedents of a man who gives the tone to a frivolous Court. Nor can the scientific spirit of inquiry which Locke made fashionable, nor the worship of earnestness and heroes which has found its natural deity in Louis Napoleon, be compared with the taste for antithesis and tricks of expression. Great thinkers may force their ideas upon the world, but the style of conversation is commonly given by the upper classes who traffic in society; and their phrases pass, like their cast-off clothes, to the multitude.

Another point deserves to be considered. *Euphuism* shows its chief peculiarity in the abundant use of metaphors more or less strained—it is language, as it were, by symbols. Now this style is more or less characteristic of the whole literature of the sixteenth, and part of the seventeenth centuries, in every country. Any dialogue taken at random from a play of Lope de Vega or Calderon is pretty certain to exhibit conceits that would do no discredit to Don Armado himself. Commonly, the reason of this is supposed to lie in the Oriental character of the Spaniards—at once fervid and acute, delighting in subtle analysis and in gorgeous imagery. The same explanation would of course apply to the school of Marini in Italy, where the Spanish influence was predominant. But it will hardly account for similar features in the *Pleides* of French literature, or for the resurrection of the old fashion, when England and Spain had pretty well discarded it, in the salons of the Quartier St. Honoré. What are the *Précieuses* of Molière but *Euphuists* who had been trained in a bad school? And what is the poetry of Donne and Cowley but *Euphuism* in rhyme? Such men as Bacon, Cervantes, and Montaigne, might enjoy a comparative exemption from the prevailing epidemic; but safety was as uncommon as the possession of minds like theirs, and there were few who were quite untouched. Indeed, the love of allegories and romances, Sydney's *Arcadia*, the *Faery Queen*, and the long-forgotten list of moralities and masques, are abundant proofs of the same tendency in the times. Knights and shepherdesses, the Round Table, and *Arcadia*, were symbols of a world out of sight, as visionary if we look to the letter, and as real if we consider the thought they expressed, as the ghostly warrior who encounters the magician in the great play of Calderon.

It is easier to prove the universality of this tone of intellect than to explain its origin. Perhaps the influence of mediæval symbolism, which had breathed the mysteries of the faith into marble and canvas that they might preach heaven to the multitude, was still a powerful habit among men who were to deal as artists, in the infancy of literature, with the stubborn material of words. Indeed, until language has been enriched with abstract terms, any thoughts that transcend the limits of the commonest household uses must be expressed symbolically; and thus, in his intercourse with higher races, we constantly find that the savage speaks by pictures. Now the century of Bacon was precisely one when men were sounding on every side the unexplored analogies of their own nature and the secrets of the universe. We have been taught, by a host of word-painters, how the natural landscape of field and river can be brought before our eyes by a skillful mosaic of epithets. Three hundred years ago, the abstract qualities of the mind, virtues and vices, religion and politics, were the great realities which the mechanic of speech believed in more firmly than in mollusc or fern, and which he strove to embody to the apprehension sensuously. He was the child of a century of transition—half artist by the remembrance of Raphael, half philosopher by contact with Ramus and Bacon. Moreover, and this reason has its weight, he belonged to a new nobility of adventurers, who were conquering provinces in the unexplored realms of learning, as Drake and Froisher were founding an empire on the other side of the seas. Base-born or beggars, as the scholars of the sixteenth century often were, they were yet conscious of their own dignity, and the world allowed them a place by the side of princes. Goethe has pointed out that the comparison of Desdemona to a book belongs to a time when books were a precious and rare treasure. And as learning was nobility, the language of the learned became not unfrequently their visible scutcheon

of pretence. Sometimes, as in the household of Stephanus, they would discourse, masters and servants alike, in Latin. More naturally, they adopted the fashion of antithetical speech, by which wit, as well as learning, was gauged, and in which the vulgar could scarcely hope to rival them. Lilly's works were a manual of this art, and showed the English public with how little pains it might be acquired. A second-rate writer was needed to explain the mechanism of repartees, while the wit of Shakespeare or Molière defies alike analysis and imitation. For a short time, then, the Court took up the habit, and gentlemen practised the trick of tongue, as they learned fencing or rode the great horse, with a skill unknown to the vulgar. But the absurdity was too patently inconvenient to be long retained in society; the world of men and women cannot long afford to be unnatural; and *Euphuism* was given up in the drawing-room many years before it vanished from the pulpit and the stage. Perhaps some of the best and latest instances of its employment by a courtier will be found in Overbury's *Characters*.

But Lilly was the man of his age in something more than in style. We cannot, indeed, adopt the explanation of a former editor, which Mr. Fairholt seems to endorse, that "in fixing upon stories apparently so unfit for dramatic representation as those of Midas and Endimion the poet's object probably was to write what were afterwards called Court Comedies, and intended for the particular amusement and gratification of Queen Elizabeth." Lilly's whole style, and his constant quotations from Ovid, show that he was thoroughly imbued with the classical pedantry of his times; and he looked apparently with some contempt on the influences of more modern literature. "Traffique and travell hath woven the nature of all nations into ours, and made this land like arras full of devise, which was broad-cloth, full of workmanship." But he might have chosen stories fit for the stage, or have worked them up into a coherent form himself, if he had possessed anything like a real theatrical talent; for ancient history is abundantly dramatic, and the Queen had no particular preference for unconnected scenical effects. The fact is, that Lilly was not a great artist, and was overpowered by the traditions of the old Mysteries, and by the necessity of pleasing a barbarous audience. His plays are crowded with incident and characters; Alexander questions all the leading Greek philosophers, or Pandora passes through a succession of fortunes at the will of the different planets; but there is a want of that unity of conception without which the most brilliant touches are of little higher worth in art than the slides of a magic lantern. But if the faults of composition must in fairness be ascribed to the author, his dexterous flattery of the Queen is eminently characteristic of his times. She is "Cynthia," of whom "we are allowed not to talk but to wonder, because her virtues are not within the reach of our capacities." The conclusion of this passage is a happy specimen of the sort of points which the Court before whom Endimion was acted were sure to catch up with applause:—

*Tellus.* Why she is but a woman. *End.* No more was Venus. *Tellus.* She is but a virgin. *End.* No more was Vesta. *Tellus.* She shall have an end. *End.* So shall the world. *Tellus.* Is not her beauty subject to time? *End.* No more than time is to standing still. *Tellus.* Wilt thou make her immortal? *End.* No, but incomparable.

The allusions to Spain and the Armada furnish another point of interest. The following passage from *Midas* would fix the date of the play if we did not already know in what year it was first printed:—

Have not I made the sea to groan under the number of my ships; and have they not perished that there was not two left to make a number? Have I not thrust my subjects into a camp like oxen into a cart; whom having made slaves by unjust wars, I use now as slaves for all wars? Have not I enticed the subjects of my neighbour princes to destroy their natural kings? . . . To what kingdom have not I pretended claim? . . . A bridge of gold did I mean to make in that island where all my navy could not make a breach. Those islands did I long to touch that I might turn them to gold and myself to glory. But unhappy Midas, who by the same means periseth himself that he thought to conquer others; being now become a shame to the world, a scorn to that petty prince, and to thyself a consumption. A petty prince, Midas? no, a prince protected by the gods, by nature, by his own virtue, and by his subjects' obedience. Have not all treasons been discovered by miracle, not counsel? that do the gods challenge. . . . Is he not through the whole world a wonder for wisdom and temperance, that is his own strength?

The latter sentences seem to be an interpolation added after the Gunpowder Plot, when the old hatred to Spain was revived, to the original passage, which no doubt belongs to the edition of 1592. Indeed, Coke's famous comparison of the King's sagacity to "a divine illumination," almost seems to have suggested one expression. We speak diffidently, for the Library of the British Museum apparently does not contain the earliest edition of *Midas*. But if the last six sentences we have quoted were really written before 1605, they form an almost unparalleled instance of prophetic allusion to coming events. It is a pity that Mr. Fairholt has not touched upon so obvious and interesting a difficulty in his notes. Indeed, the editorial functions seem to have been discharged somewhat hastily. Difficult words and remote allusions are well enough explained in the notes. But either the text is not always accurate or clerical mistakes have been servilely copied. It is difficult to believe that Lilly ever wrote *oscula—pauca proterus abstulit*, in defiance of sense and quantity, which require *protervus*. The biography adds little real information to what Mr. Collier has already given us. Then, again, the passages which Shakespeare has imitated, should surely have been pointed out more fully than in one or two

notes. Even the song in Campaspe, from which Mr. Collier has quoted the exquisite lines about the lark—

How at heaven's gate she claps her wings,  
The morn not waking till she sings,

has passed into the music of other lyrics than those which were sung to charm Imogen. There is no attempt to show how the text of the dramas is connected with the thoughts and events of the times for which Lilly wrote. Above all, two plays which have been ascribed to Lilly are omitted from this edition of his works. One of these, the *Maid's Metamorphosis*, has been admitted as genuine by Mr. Hallam and Mr. Collier, is better than most of Lilly's plays, and has some curious resemblances to the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Surely it was not well done to deny the public who cannot search for it in large libraries or purchase it in scarce editions, an opportunity of judging for themselves. A writer such as Lilly is not worth editing twice. But, with such drawbacks to its general excellence, we cannot regard Mr. Fairholt's performance as satisfactory.

#### THE IONIAN ISLANDS UNDER VENICE.\*

THERE is always a feeling of curiosity on taking up a modern Greek book—perhaps even more so on taking up a modern Greek newspaper. There is a sort of notion as if the thing were not real—as if some one were playing off a joke upon us—as if there could not really be people who sit down, quite seriously, and as a matter of everyday business, to write about Louis Napoleon and Lord Palmerston in very nearly the same language in which earlier writers discussed the analogous merits of Agathocles or Demades. In the present volume we have a slightly different phenomenon—an obscure and intricate piece of mediæval history set forth in the same guise. We opened M. Lountzes' volume with a certain degree of suspicion. We thought it not unlikely that a treatise on the Venetian Government of the Seven Islands might be designed, either in the way of contrast or of analogy, as a satire upon the British Government of the same regions. And though we have not the least wish to restrain Mr. Lountzes or anybody else in the exercise of that freedom of political criticism which we claim for ourselves, we should have protested against indirectly dealing with present politics under cover of discussing the past. The book, however, does nothing of the kind. The author, indeed, promises to continue the more recent history of the islands, and we know not what may then be in store for King Tom and Sir Henry Ward; but as yet M. Lountzes has kept close to his text. He has simply given a very careful and elaborate account of the odd little corner of the world which happens to be his own country. Our charge against him would rather be that he is too little political, that his account of every local institution is so excessively minute that he rather sinks the historian in the antiquary. Doubtless a great deal which seems dull to us may be interesting to Corfiotes and Zakynthians, perhaps to Greeks generally. Still we think the author has somewhat hid his light under a bushel. Many parts of his book show that he is quite capable of a much more enlarged grasp of history. But they are rather overclouded by the mass of petty local details. However, the book is on the whole highly creditable. It is throughout careful and laborious, often highly instructive, occasionally really interesting. It shows also a knowledge of general mediæval history very superior to what is common among the minor writers of our own country. The subject itself is one worthy of attention on several grounds. It is an essential part of the general cycle of Hellenic history, and one which does not seem to come within the scope of Mr. Finlay's design. He has described the government of Venice on the mainland of Greece and in the islands of the Ægean; but not in those of the Ionian Sea. Again, these islands form an important part of the marvellous history of the great Venetian Republic. They are also worthy of especial study by any one who, like Sir Cornwall Lewis, philosophizes upon the "Government of Dependencies." And, as they are now so closely connected with our own Government, it seems really desirable that Englishmen in general should know something about them.

If we except the brief and stormy existence of the Septinsular Republic during the present century, these islands have never enjoyed full political freedom since the days of the old Greek commonwealths, and have not been subject to so much as a despot of their own race since the decline of the Byzantine Empire. For six hundred years they have been tossed to and fro between a succession of foreign masters. There can be little doubt that their existing rulers are in most respects the best to whom they have ever been subject. And yet they are those whose government excites the greatest amount of discontent. On a superficial view this seems at once paradoxical and ungrateful. Yet it only follows one or two great laws of human nature. Strictly political discontent seldom arises in the darkest times of material distress. Such days may produce a mere Jaquerie, but not a steady movement towards independence. It is when people are relieved from extreme tyranny that they begin to speculate about their political rights. Take, for instance, the Greeks under the Ottoman yoke. They did not revolt in the seventeenth century, when their condition was at the worst, but in

the nineteenth, when it was decidedly better. The foremost in the struggle were the men of the maritime islands, the Greeks of Psara, and the Albanians of Hydra—just those on whom the yoke pressed least heavily. In another part of the world, M. de Tocqueville has shown us that the Revolution of 1789 did not take place when the French people were subject to the greatest amount of oppression, but when their bondage was considerably lightened. In short, give a nation an inch, and it will take an ell. It is just because the English Government is better than the Venetian that it is more unpopular than the Venetian. Under the English protectorate the islands have so greatly advanced that they begin to think they could dispense with protectors altogether.

But to return to M. Lountzes' volume. It consists first of a history of each of the greater islands from the time of its separation from the Empire to its final union with Venice; and, secondly, as we have implied, of a minute description of their political, ecclesiastical, and municipal government after that event. The former exhibits signs of hard work. M. Lountzes has clearly been really busy among those obscure dynasties, Greek and Frank, of which one always fancies that nobody but Du Cange and Mr. Finlay ever knew anything at all, and that they could not have remembered much after they had written down what they had to say. We have tested M. Lountzes in several places by their aid, and we have found a degree of accuracy which our minor English writers ought to respect, but which they would probably despise. Du Cange, of course, is often referred to, Mr. Finlay, we think, never—probably he never will be by any Greek writer. Some of M. Lountzes' general remarks are very good; for instance, he points out the analogy between the Slaves in the East and the Teutons in the West. It is a sign, however, of the revived character of modern Greek literature that M. Lountzes' narrative reads much more like a translation from some French or English book than like an additional Byzantine historian. His way of looking at things is decidedly Western. Even in titles and forms of names he often merely hellenizes the received French form instead of going back to their original shape.

The greatest of the Ionian islands of course figures in M. Lountzes' work, as it does in the Lord High Commissioner's proclamations, as *Kérkyra*. This we humbly conceive to be a mistake. When a perverse custom simply calls a Greek place by some Italian corruption of its true name, as Zante for Ζάκυνθος, Cefalonia for Κεφαλληνία, by all means go back to the real form. Still more when the "modern name" is a mere blunder, as when we choose to apply the name of the *forts* of Santa Maura and Candia to the whole islands of Leukas and Crete. But when, as constantly happens, a place has lost one Hellenic name and gained another, that is a fact which ought not to be disguised. Now the name Corfû is not a corruption of Corcyra, but a new Greek name, derived from the *peaks* (κορυφαί) which form so distinctive a feature in the island. The name Κορυφαί, or Κορυφαί, dates at least from the eleventh century, and we know not how much earlier. On the other hand, both Niketas and, long before him, Procopius, call it *Kérkyra*. But we suspect that the form itself which they use shows that, in so doing, they were merely Atticizing. Mr. Grote was laughed at by some people for writing "*Korkyra*," as if he had simply put *k* for *c* into the received Latin form, and had forgotten that he ought to have written "*Kerkyra*." But Mr. Grote knew perfectly well what he was about. *Kérkyra* is the true form. It is not only used by Polybius, Strabo, Pausanias, and all Latin writers, but it is always found on the coins of the island.

Corfû, then, as we will call it (though we had rather write it Koryphoi), first fell into Venetian hands soon after the great partition of the Fourth Crusade. Very soon, however—about 1210—it fell into the hands of Michael, the Greek Despot of Epeirus. Then it was annexed to the Kingdom of Sicily by Charles of Anjou—then granted out as a fief—finally, in 1386 it became, of its own free will, once more subject to Venice. Corfû, at any rate, had the advantage of never falling into the hands of the Turks, who exercised a longer or shorter domination in each of the other three principal islands. Leukas, indeed, was not finally conquered till 1684, its reduction being one of the exploits of Morosini, the "Peloponnesiacus."

Of the Venetian government in the Ionian Islands our author draws a more favourable picture than we have ever before seen. This might suggest a possible political motive of the present day, except that Mr. Finlay, who is least of all men open to such a suspicion, has done exactly the same with regard to the Venetian government in Peloponnesus. The common charges of oppression, corruption, and the like, M. Lountzes admits as applicable only to the last age of the Republic. There can be no doubt that to be under Venice was better than to be under the Turks. And, during the great days of the Republic, it was probably better than to be under any contemporary monarchy, and, to those who were content not to think or speak of public affairs, better than under most contemporary republics. The principle of Venetian rule was a very long-sighted selfishness, which, if it forbade any really liberal administration, equally forbade any outrageous oppression. The oligarchy of Venice left a great deal of municipal power, not indeed to the people, but to the kindred oligarchies of the islands. The nobles of Corfû, a class oddly uniting the characters of a landed and a civic aristocracy, enjoyed large privileges, and the citizens were by no means deprived of

\* Περί τῆς πολιτικῆς καταστάσεως τῆς Ἐπτανήσου ἐπὶ Ἑνετῶν, ὑπὸ Ἑρμάνου Λούντζη. Ἀθήναι, 1856.

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\* The Jefferson



them. The peasantry must have been wretchedly off, but not worse than in most parts of continental Europe. Against any excesses of the Venetian governors the islanders had at least an apparent protection in the right of direct appeal to the central Government. And in the days of Venetian greatness, this right seems to have been very practical. The very jealousy of the Republic would make it so. In short, as long as the vigour of Venetian administration lasted, the islands seem to have been fairly enough governed, when we consider that they had nothing better to look back to for so many centuries before. Real freedom there was none, but the regular systematic course of Venetian rule hindered any monstrous tyranny. The nobles were humoured by titles and local power—the people by *fetes*, ecclesiastical and secular. Both classes knew that the Lion of St. Mark at any rate warded off the scimitar of the Ottoman.

One very curious piece of human weakness we must mention, which helped to keep up a class of whom we often hear in these days, that of Ionian Counts. Since the Frank occupation, the lands in the islands had been partly feudal, partly allodial. Venetian wisdom invented the following singularly "artful dodge." A man who wished for a title surrendered his land to the Republic, and received it again as a fief. He got the title of Count; while St. Mark got the ultimate inheritance in failure of direct heirs, and a comfortable fine upon each succession in the meanwhile.

Perhaps the most curious part of M. Lountzes' book is that which relates to ecclesiastical affairs. The Republic, we all know, was "first Venetian and then Christian." The children of St. Mark might be Catholics, but they were certainly not Papists. They were, therefore, not likely to appear as persecutors of the Orthodox. It is most curious to see the way in which this most subtle of Governments held the balance between the two Churches. The Catholic Church was allowed precedence, but the Orthodox were most carefully protected against the zeal of the Catholic clergy. But they were no less carefully kept in due dependence upon the Serene Republic. St. Mark was a very practical supreme Governor over both branches of the vineyard. On most public occasions both the Latin and Greek clergy had their definite place, and generally had to perform ecclesiastical ceremonies within the walls of the same churches in a way which, we should think, must have greatly shocked the zealots on either side.

M. Lountzes' book contains a mass of curious information about the local administration, the revenue, the law-courts, the Jews, the Gipsies, and everything else relating to the Seven Islands. His Greek does not differ very widely from that of Trikoupi; but he makes *amó* govern the accusative—a practice which we believe is common, but which is decidedly disagreeable. But the aspect of the book, its paper, type, &c., is very inferior to the beautiful volumes produced *en tē aulē tou Krutrou leontos*. Moreover, we are sorry to find that Athenian compositors cannot set up their own tongue with half so much accuracy as their brethren in London. There is, however, one little technical device which may be worth considering by English printers of Greek. We have no way in our Greek printing to express anything analogous to Italics, except by the somewhat awkward way of putting the letters wider apart. But the typographer X. Νικολαΐδης Φιλαδελφείας, whose dwelling may be found *παρά τῇ Πύλῃ τῆς Ἀγορᾶς, ἀριθ. 420*, makes his Greek letters perpendicular or slanting, according to circumstances, just as we do our Roman ones. This practice, we think, conduces to clearness, though certainly not to beauty.

#### HOGG'S LIFE OF SHELLEY.\*

COMMON-SENSE tells us that in many points a poet is very like an ordinary man. There is a prosaic side of life for every one; and the finest genius in the world has to dress, and eat, and pay or avoid his bills, as much as the greatest dunce. But until Mr. Hogg took it into his head to write the life of Shelley, we never had a complete specimen of the biography of a poet with all the poetry left out. The two thick volumes before us record the life of Shelley down to a period shortly before the death of his first wife, and when he had already gained the reputation of possessing a rare intellect and holding strange opinions. But there is not a trace of poetry, or of power, or of any quality of mind or heart the least above the average to be found in the Shelley of Mr. Hogg. We do not the least question that this Shelley, so unlike the Shelley we have fancied, really existed. It is but the prosaic and ordinary side of the same person. That Shelley was careless of money, invariably late for every appointment, reckless, eager, and foolish in every transaction of daily life, is highly probable—although, as he is dead and gone, as well as almost every one whom his eccentricity incommoded, it is also highly unimportant. Mr. Hogg has filled two volumes with the history of a young man from his first to his twenty-second year, and the narrative is not dull or unreadable, but there does not appear to be any reason why the particular young man selected should be chosen rather than any other of his generation. The letters given as written by Shelley are poor and weak—there is no account of the origin or progress of his poems—there is

no attempt to connect the growth of his poetical powers with the events of his external life. Of course the book is treated by its author as a considerable contribution to the Shelley literature, and it will be welcomed by all who take interest in knowing trivial facts about a great man. Is there not the Pope literature, with its endless discussions about Martha Blount and Lord Hervey? And did not Canon Wordsworth give us a record of prolix inanity in commemoration of one of the simplest and most unmarked lives that a great man ever led? So, too, as the fates condemned Shelley to live in an age when all things are told, there must be a Shelley literature, as the basis of which it is taken for granted that it concerns all men for ever to know the petty incidents of the daily life of an eccentric young man.

Mr. Hogg published, many years ago, in the *New Monthly Magazine*, an account of his college friendship with Shelley, and therefore the most interesting part of these volumes is old matter. After the two friends were expelled from Oxford, they went to live in Poland-street. Mr. Hogg taxes his memory to the utmost in order to continue the narrative. He records that on their arrival in London Shelley heard a man call mackerel, and was convulsed with horror; that he selected the Poland-street lodgings because the walls had been recently covered with a paper representing vine-leaves and grapes; that the luggage was brought in a hackney-coach; and that Shelley rather objected to a fire which Mr. Hogg had ordered. So far as we are aware, this is all virgin ore, and is now worked for the first time. The vein is a rich one, and many other facts are noted down of equal importance. On the points likely to excite a curiosity which we venture to think vulgar, even though a poet is the subject, we do not obtain any satisfactory information. The adventures which led to Shelley's union with Miss Westbrook are not given us, nor are we yet enabled to trace so accurately as we might desire the stages of alienation which ultimately divided the unhappy couple. It may, however, be mentioned that the first Mrs. Shelley is shown by these volumes to have been by no means so inferior a person as former contributors to the Shelley literature have fancied. She was evidently not ill-read, rather clever, and a sociable, merry, as well as pretty girl. But she had no influence over her husband, who required guidance in many ways; and Shelley does not seem to have either respected her or liked her much. They were little more than children when they were married, and Mr. Hogg publishes a letter in which Shelley announces that his Harriet has thrown herself on his protection in consequence of the lady's father threatening to send her to school. Probably when, in the later volumes of this work, we pass on to the second Mrs. Shelley, we shall find that there is something poetical in the Shelley of Mr. Hogg.

The book certainly contains many stories and letters which reveal to us traits in Shelley's character. He was as unpractical and excited as even a poet can be without madness. He was constantly moving from place to place, and after he was married, the young couple led a migratory existence without purpose or plan, although their enthusiasm pronounced that each new spot they settled at was to be their resting-place "for ever." By long entreaties and a vast outpouring of honest flattery, Shelley persuaded Godwin to come down to Devonshire; but when the hero arrived, he found his worshipper was gone. Mr. Hogg went to pay his friend a visit in Dublin, and after a miserable journey, learnt that Shelley had set off to Killarney. And as Shelley was exceedingly poor, and had nothing to depend on except a small allowance from his father, all this moving about made a serious hole in a narrow income, and his domestic life was a curious compound of extravagance and want. Mrs. Shelley was utterly unacquainted with the first principles of housekeeping, and Mr. Hogg draws a feeling picture of the miseries he had to go through at the table of this lady. Shelley cared very little for eating, and lived for a long time on a purely vegetable diet. But although he despised the good things of the flesh, and spoke of them as utterly unworthy a philosopher, if he could once be got to taste them he enjoyed them with the eagerness of a child. Soon after his marriage, Shelley went to reside near Keswick, and made Southey's acquaintance. The two poets were one afternoon taking tea at Southey's house, when Shelley noticed with horror that he ate plentifully of tea-cakes. Shelley watched him with pain and pity, and at last could keep silence no longer, and told him that it was awful to see such a man "devouring this nasty stuff." Mrs. Southey defended her tea-cakes, and Shelley took up a piece and ventured to taste it. He found it good, and began to eat as greedily as Southey himself. A fresh supply was ordered, and the two poets went on until the house was cleared, and then Shelley settled with his wife that they "were to have hot tea-cakes every evening for ever." There is a similar story of Shelley going to a small inn with Mr. Hogg, and seeing his friend eat bacon, which he pronounced a gross and abominable proceeding. He, however, gradually approached the dish, and studying the bacon attentively, said, "So this is bacon?" He then ate a small piece—then more—and at last ordered another dish. The supply of bacon which the inn contained came to an end, and Shelley assured the landlady she ought to be killed for not having bacon enough for her guests. There was something infantine in the whole of Shelley's behaviour. He and his wife being in want of money, determined to economize. They heard Edinburgh was a cheap place, so they

\* *The Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley*. Vols. I. and II. By Thomas Jefferson Hogg. London: Moxon. 1855.

posted there, a distance of four hundred miles, found the place was not cheap, and posted back again. He was staying with some friends in Berkshire, and he amused himself with getting hold of the wash-tubs of the establishment, and floating in them down a neighbouring stream, until he finished them by knocking the bottoms out. Such are the anecdotes which any one moderately acquainted with the Shelley literature will henceforth be ashamed not to know.

It must be very disagreeable to be a near relative of a poet. It is, for instance, rather hard on Sir Timothy Shelley that his failings and faults should be minutely chronicled, simply because his son wrote verses. But setting the hardship aside, the portrait given by Mr. Hogg of Sir Timothy is not unamusing. The father and son were utterly unfit to get on together, and if Shelley were not a "divine poet," we should certainly think that the greater blame did not lie on the father's side. It seems a poor result of Platonic love and the vegetarian philosophy that a son should speak of his father as "old Killjoy," and that he should write complacently in a letter that he thought "were he compelled to associate with Shakspeare's Caliban, with any wretch, with the exception of Lord Courtney, his own father, Bishop Warburton, or the vile female who destroyed Mary, he should find something to admire." The same capacity of hating strongly and speaking freely begins to show itself at the end of the second volume with regard to Mrs. Shelley's sister. "I certainly," writes the glowing young Platonic poet, "hate Eliza (his sister-in-law) with all my heart and soul. I sometimes feel faint with the fatigue of checking the overflows of my unbounded abhorrence for this miserable wretch." Whether these violent feelings towards Miss Westbrook were justified we cannot say, as Mr. Hogg has nothing more to tell us of that lady than that she was very fond of brushing her back hair. But some of Sir Timothy Shelley's letters are inserted, and are evidently the productions of a sensible, though hot-headed man, with as little sympathy for novelty and oddity as was common amongst the squires of his day. We are told, however, that Shelley was only consoled for the criticisms on his conduct which these letters contained by applying, or hearing his friend apply to them what Mr. Hogg modestly calls, "a silly verse from silly Tom Campbell's silly poem, *Henlinden*." The letters were franked by Sir Timothy, who was set down by his son as a cruel tyrant, and the silly line was—

When furious Frank and fiery Hun.

So easily are great minds amused.

Mr. Hogg has some qualifications which fit him to produce the sort of biography at which he aims. He had a very sincere love and admiration for his friend, who, he assures us, was three parts a god. He has also a turn for picking up and making the most of small pieces of information. No one, however, could be less akin to Shelley in thought and opinion. Mr. Hogg is a Tory, and he tells us that a Tory stands to a Conservative in the same relation as a bull to an ox. He carries the entireness of his convictions so far as to believe that the English clergy were the truest and warmest friends of Shelley. He is fond of obscure and elaborate jokes, and he does not take the pains of clearing up the many doubtful passages in his biography. But, on the other hand, he goes gossiping on, with streaks of sense in his gossip, so that his writing is never very dull. A very considerable portion of the book refers to himself, and not to Shelley. We are told, with the most painstaking exactitude, when, where, and with whom he prosecuted his legal studies, how many dirty innas he stopped at when he travelled, and the remarks he interchanged with his travelling companions—all which is now printed after a lapse of forty years as a tribute to the memory of the divine Shelley. A feeling of wonder may naturally arise at the thought that Shelley should have made a chosen and bosom friend of a man so dissimilar to himself. But the heartiness of Mr. Hogg's admiration, and the real interest he took in the same subjects of study in which Shelley was engaged, gave him a legitimate hold on Shelley's affection; and as poets necessarily have a prosaic side to their life, it is not inconvenient to them to have also a prosaic friend. Mr. Hogg exercised a gentle control over Shelley, and Shelley loved to be controlled. He was ever ready to advise and assist the struggling couple, and Shelley's requests for help are inserted at length in the correspondence. Shelley loved to argue, and did not much care who was his opponent, so long as he did not remain uncontradicted. Mr. Hogg had sufficient liveliness of mind and sufficient interest in abstract discussion to act as a stimulant to Shelley. Nor is it a fair criticism, as applied to this particular work, to say that the whole biography is trivial, that most of the letters are about as material and important as the circulars of a tradesman, and that stories of the life of any other clever young man would illustrate almost equally well the real life of Shelley, the growth and development of his poetical power. Such a criticism goes to the root of this whole class of literature. How should we ever have had any of the great Pope controversies, or the endless volumes of *Southey's Life and Letters*, if nothing were to be inserted in the biographies of poets except what enables us better to understand the men and their works? If there is to be a Shelley literature, Mr. Hogg is not a bad contributor to it. His book is not one which a wise man or a man of poetical feeling would have written; but it is not inappropriate to the subject matter.

#### HUC'S CHINA.\*

M. HUC has just published the third volume of his *History of Christianity in China*. The interest of the book is by no means equal to that of the travels by which the author's reputation was obtained, but it certainly tells a curious part of a remarkable story. In his first two volumes he described the early and abortive efforts which were made by several medieval monks to Christianize Tartary, Thibet, and China, and he brought down his history to the establishment of a colony of Jesuits at Peking. In his present volume he describes the efforts made by that body to convert the Chinese, by converting the Emperor, during the latter part of the seventeenth century, and the first twenty-two years of the eighteenth century—the brightness of the prospect which they at one time entertained of success in their plans—their quarrel with the Dominicans, and its ruinous consequences. The period thus described is co-extensive with the reign of one of the most remarkable of the Chinese Emperors—Khang-hi, who ascended the throne in 1662 at eight years of age, and died in 1722, after a reign of sixty years. The story is, that his father, Chun-Tché, when on his deathbed, called together his sons in order to name his successor, and that the eldest having excused himself on the ground of his youth, the fourth son, Khang-hi, said he believed that in due time he should be able to undertake the government of the Empire; upon which his father selected him for the Imperial dignity, appointing a Council of Regency to govern in his minority. When Khang-hi was fourteen years old, the first Regent died, and thereupon he collected the others, superseded their authority, and declared himself the true and sole ruler of the country.

During the Regency, the Jesuits, who had been highly favoured by the Emperor Chun-Tché, were exiled by the Council, who had been jealous of their influence, and who were instigated to undertake violent measures against them by a certain mathematician, who was anxious to supersede their superior, Father Schall, as President of the Board of Mathematics, which draws up the calendars by which the Chinese year is regulated. The Jesuits were accordingly banished, and their enemy was appointed to be Schall's successor. The calendar in China is a matter of great importance. Copies of it are sent to the tributary kings and princes of Mongolia, and it would be an act of rebellion to refuse to accept them. When there is a revolution, every pretender to the throne makes his own almanac, and to use it implies a recognition of his claims. The calendar issued by the new head of the Board of Mathematics was grossly inaccurate, having, amongst other things, an intercalary month too much, and the Emperor Khang-hi was soon informed that it produced much confusion. Though most of the missionaries had been exiled to Canton, four of them had been kept at Peking, and they were applied to by the Emperor to make the calendar "agree with the heavens." Father Verbiest, the chief man amongst them, accordingly predicted the length of the shadow and the distances of the planets from the fixed stars upon certain appointed days; and his opponent, irritated by his success, burst into such intemperate reproaches that the Emperor condemned him to death, and ultimately exiled him to Tartary for the remainder of his life. Khang-hi, who was a person of very great energy and curiosity, was so delighted with Father Verbiest's science, that he adopted him as a kind of tutor, and passed many hours a day in receiving instructions from him upon all sorts of scientific subjects. He gave him charge also of the imperial observatory, and caused him to construct a large number of very elaborate mathematical instruments, the use of which he described in no less than sixteen volumes composed on the subject in the Chinese language. The Emperor was so much pleased with these performances, that he gave Verbiest the title of "Great Man," and conferred patents of nobility on his ancestors. He was indeed a very useful person to his patron; for not long afterwards, on the occasion of a rebellion which greatly endangered the throne, he cast no less than three hundred and twenty cannon, which played a very important part indeed in the discomfiture of the rebels. Father Verbiest's scientific attainments must have been very considerable, as he would appear from M. Huc's account to have been one of the original inventors of the motive power of steam. He constructed a small boat and a small car which were propelled by that power. He died in January, 1688.

About a fortnight after the death of Father Verbiest, a reinforcement of Jesuits arrived at Peking, after a long and very difficult journey from France. They succeeded to his favour with the Emperor, and distinguished themselves, amongst other things, by negotiating a treaty, the first on record, between the Chinese and the Russians. The connexion between these two great Empires first began towards the end of the sixteenth century, when some Siberian sable-hunters crossed the steppe into Russia, to sell sable skins. In 1598 the Czar Boris sent an embassy to invite the Siberians to make an alliance with him. They eagerly accepted his protection, and submitted to his authority, and acted as the guides of his caravans across the deserts which divide the Russian from the Chinese frontier. The Russian parties advanced till they reached the Amoor, and continual petty warfare ensued between them and the Chinese.

\* *Christianity in China, Tartary, and Thibet*. By M. l'abbé Huc. Vol. III. From the Establishment of the Mantchou Tartar Dynasty to the Commencement of the Eighteenth Century. London: Longmans. 1858.



Their disputes were arranged principally by the mediation of the Jesuit Gerbillon. This service was very opportune for the missionaries, for about this time certain provincial mandarins took upon themselves the responsibility of putting in force against the Christians certain laws which had fallen into desuetude, by which the exercise of their religion and the conversion of the Chinese were forbidden. Gerbillon and his associates represented their services to the Emperor, and used all their influence with him to prevent the prosecution of these designs. The Emperor was entirely on their side, but a body called the Court of Rites was violently opposed to the Christians, and placed a sort of veto on the Emperor's proceedings. It appears that in China as elsewhere there are considerable constitutional checks upon what would appear, from some points of view, to be an irresponsible despotism. All favours from the Emperor must be obtained by way of petition, and these petitions can only be granted on the approval of the Court of Rites. Though the Emperor, in his own person, drew up the petition to himself which the Jesuits were to present, the Court of Rites long refused their sanction and approval, and granted it only in consequence of an act of authority on the Emperor's part, not quite unlike a French *lit de justice*. Ultimately, however, an edict was published which gave full toleration to Christianity, and authorized the missionaries to convert as many of the Chinese as they could. A French church was built, endowed, and opened at Peking—not only by the consent, but to some extent by the assistance of the Emperor, and the prospects of Christianity in China appeared, according to M. Hue, to be as bright as possible. They were however destined to be overclouded by a quarrel among the missionaries themselves. One of the most prominent parts of the social and religious institutions of China is the reverence paid to the spirits of ancestors generally, and to that of Confucius in particular. In every Chinese house there are certain tablets inscribed with the names of the ancestors of the head of the family, and supposed to be inhabited in some mysterious way by their spirits. At certain times of the year, offerings of fruit, wine, flesh, &c., are made before these tablets; and similar honours are specially addressed to Confucius by all persons who hold an official situation. These practices were denounced by the Dominicans as idolatrous, but the Jesuits considered them as merely civil. They had interminable controversies and appeals to Rome upon the subject, all the particulars of which are detailed by M. Hue at a length which, to ordinary readers, is considerably wearisome. The Jesuits at last contrived to prevail on the Emperor to declare, as a fact, that there was nothing idolatrous in the rites, and that they involved no more than civil honour. The Pope, however, was of the opposite opinion, and sent two legates successively to forbid their practice by the converts. The first of these managed matters so ill—or, as the enemies of the Jesuits declared, was the subject of so much malignant intrigue on their part—that he was imprisoned and expelled from the Empire; and the ultimate conclusion of the matter was, that the Emperor forbade the teaching of the Christian religion altogether.

M. Hue, as might have been expected, is a very zealous advocate of the Catholic missionaries. He tells the story of the Jesuits and Dominicans fairly enough, but he constantly expresses the highest zeal and admiration for the common object which their dissensions weakened. Such feelings of course are both right and natural, but Protestant readers may be permitted to think that, on his own showing, the Emperor got very much the best of the bargain between the missionaries and himself. He got all that he wanted—all sorts of scientific assistance and instruction, and they got hardly anything. M. Hue tells us often of "great multitudes" and "vast numbers" of converts, but he gives us no definite and tangible information on the subject. Here and there we are told how the Jesuits set on foot several charitable "confraternities" at Peking, or how one of them walked out into a village, and in the course of the afternoon persuaded several people to be baptized, and then came home again; but, on the whole, the impression which the book leaves on us is, that the Jesuits tried to cheat the Emperor and his people into being Christians, and that they could not manage to do it. Occasionally, however, the book contains curious pieces of information about Chinese affairs, and especially about the Chinese Government, which make it worth reading. The will of the great Emperor Khang-hi is, in particular, a very remarkable document. It is a most elaborate eulogium on himself and on his ancestors, setting forth that he was one of the best, greatest, and happiest of all human beings, and that, finding himself full of years and honours, and being the father of a hundred and fifty sons and grandsons (he adds very characteristically, "I must have even more daughters") he is quite ready to die. He has no feeling on the subject except complacency. *Tempus abire satur* is his version of "Vanity of Vanities."

#### HISTORY OF ANCIENT POTTERY.\*

Second Notice.

WE cannot enter largely into the source and choice of subjects on the vases of the Greeks, though the investigation is very interesting, and greatly elucidates the legendary and mythological lore of that people. One of the oldest and most popular subjects

was the Gigantomachia, or the war of the Titans against Zeus. Zeus, the Father of Gods, is seldom depicted alone, and Hera, his sister-spouse, rarely appears at all; but Athené, the great female deity of the Ionian race, naturally plays a most important part on a large number of vases. Of other deities, Poseidon is often either a principal or subordinate figure. The Eleusinian Demeter and Kora are generally together; the Delphic Apollo often occurs, generally accompanied by his sister Artemis; Hephaistos is never principal, and Ares and Aphrodite but seldom. Hermes is a common subject, but generally subordinate. Hestia rarely occurs; of Dionysos, on the contrary, there are innumerable examples. Among other inferior deities we find representations of Hades, Pan, Helios, Selene, and Nike (or Victory). Bacchantes, Silenus and nymphs, the Dionysiac thiasoi and Marsyas are among the most beautiful of other subjects; and the later vases abound with allegorical figures of mental abstractions and material objects. The heroic legends, such as the adventures of Hercules, Theseus, the Argonauts, Bellerophon, Perseus, &c., are plentiful; and the events of the Trojan War are so numerous that Mr. Birch has found it necessary to divide them into three sections;—1. The Ante-Homerica, or events before the Trojan War. 2. The Homérica, or events of the *Iliad*. 3. The Post-Homerica, or sequel of the story of the capture of Troy. On the first of these periods much light has been thrown by a vase found near Chiusi by M. François, which is named after him, and is now in the Museum at Florence. It contains eleven subjects, several of which illustrate events in the life of Achilles and his father Peleus. It is curious that the *Iliad* itself is not so much resorted to for subjects as inferior sources; but Mr. Birch's explanation, that though inferior as poems they were richer in pictorial subjects seems the true one. In the third division, the last night of Troy is amply depicted in all its horrors. Many scenes from the *Odyssey* occur on vases of later style; but historic subjects are rare. This is explained by the supposition that "before the Greeks tolerated historical portraiture, the fictile art had decayed, if not expired; and the love of self and gold simultaneously supplanted the admiration of heroism, and the simpler but more poetical subjects of the artist."

The ornaments on Greek vases show a great lack of variety, and were used mainly in the earliest and latest stages of the art—in its best period they almost disappear. Mr. Birch considers that they all originally represented certain things extraneous to the subject, or introduced into it. That is, if we understand him rightly, they were in no case unmeaning shapes capriciously designed for ornament and relief, but symbolized specific objects of nature or art. Thus the cymation, or wave-moulding, represented the sea—the meander, a river—the fleurette, the verdant plain. He has doubtless good grounds for such conclusion; but in looking through the designs of mouldings engraved on page 8 of vol. ii., we fail to trace much resemblance between them and the objects they are supposed to typify. We cannot help thinking that the designers, who were tolerably faithful copyists in other respects, would not have so widely departed all at once from any fidelity of representation, and that they exercised their fancy in designing ornamental patterns without intending to convey by them the image of anything existing in heaven, earth, or sea.

The account of inscriptions is a curious contribution to the philology of the nation; and where they occur they often serve to fix the date of the vase, and of others resembling it. None date earlier than B.C. 660; and the archaic character of the letters and words, and the various dialects used, are very singular. Misspelling is common, and shows that the potter's art was not practised by the educated class. In many instances the artist seems doubtful how far the object represented may be recognised, and attaches names not only to human figures, but even to dogs, horses, and inanimate things, just as a child nowadays will put under his first attempts at drawing "a house," "a cat," &c. Speeches also issue from the mouths of figures, in labels like those affixed to mediæval saints or modern caricatures. Thus a cock crows ΠΡΟΣΑΓΟΡΕΥΟ (how d'y'e do), and ΜΕ ΑΙΤΑΙΕ (don't beg), is the reply to a mendicant who says ΙΟΠΟΡΟΙ—an unintelligible word, reading the same backwards and forwards. Names of youths, male and female, often occur with the adjunct *kalos* or *kaly*. But though Mr. Birch says that the import of such inscriptions has excited much controversy, there does not seem much doubt about it. It is evident from vases being found inscribed with *kalos* alone, that the blank might be filled with the name of any favourite the purchaser liked, and thus they were probably bought as presents. The admiration expressed was the purchaser's, not the potter's, and vases with names filled in were no doubt made to order. We confess that we cannot follow Mr. Birch's meaning when he asserts that the inscription *καλητι Δαμοκλειδας*, i.e. Damocleidas (was victor) in the horse-race, throws much light on the use of *kalos*. The most singular inscriptions are unintelligible ones. The letters are plain enough, but they make no sense. Here is a specimen—ΕΝΧΙΝΟΙΧΙΤΟΙΧΝΕ. The only probable conjecture is that, if they mean anything, they are a kind of cypher. Such an inscription as "I am the lecythus (vase) of Tataies, and may whoever steals me become blind," reminds one of the formidable anathemas inserted by the monks in valuable books, and of a profane rhyme peculiar to schoolboys.

A long chapter is devoted to an enumeration of the names existing of potters, and the works to which each is attached; but

\* *History of Ancient Pottery*. By Samuel Birch, F.S.A. 2 vols. London: Murray, 1858.

none of them are familiar to us from other sources, and so the list is uninteresting to the general or the classical reader. Little indeed is known of them except that they formed a guild or fraternity, were called *Prometheans* by the Athenians (from Prometheus, the founder of the art, who made man out of clay), and often amassed large fortunes by their export trade. The oldest establishments were at Samos, Ægina, and Corinth; Athenian pottery did not attain eminence till later. Vases were used for all kinds of purposes by the Greeks. The largest were offerings to the gods—lesser ones, after being put to various uses during life, were employed for sepulchral purposes. Others were given as prizes at races and games; and a great number served merely as ornaments, as is shown by only one side being finished with subjects. The chapter on the different kinds of vases is of much research and industry, and is valuable not only to the scholar but also to the manufacturer and to the artist. The history of Greek vases concludes with an elaborate dissertation on the localities of potteries and places most rich in remains, and a short account of imitations and the modern prices of ancient specimens. From the former chapter we extract the following curious passage:—

One of the most remarkable fabricated engravings of these vases was that issued by Brondsted and Stackelberg, in a fit of archaeological jealousy. A modern archaeologist is seen running after a draped female figure, called ΘΗΜΗ or "Fame," who flies from him, exclaiming, ΕΚΑΞ ΗΑΙ ΚΑΑΕ, "Be off, my fine fellow!" This vase, which never existed except upon paper, deceived the credulous Enghirami, who too late endeavoured to cancel it from his work. Other vases, evidently false, have also been published.

The remainder of the work is devoted to an inquiry into the pottery of the Etruscans, Romans, and (very briefly) of the Celtic, Teutonic, and Scandinavian nations. Space will not permit us to enter into any detailed account; but we must remark, that a very mistaken idea has prevailed respecting the influence of Etruscan pottery on modern art. Famous as that people were for their terra-cotta works, very little has come down to us except their vases; and of these the earliest and original never attained a high character, and have not supplied examples for modern imitation. It is the later examples, bearing manifest evidence of Greek taste and influence, which have been adopted as models; and we recommend Mr. Timbs, in his next edition of *Things not Generally Known*, to expunge or correct a passage which he has quoted conveying such an erroneous impression. One shape of funeral vase is very remarkable, being that of a *tugurium*, or cottage, and no doubt contained the ashes of the early inhabitants of Latium. It is a singular coincidence, that urns much resembling them have been found in Germany, which are distinctly Teutonic.

For information respecting Roman bricks, tiles, lamps (which have marked peculiarities), and pottery in general, remains of which abound wherever Roman rule extended, we must refer the reader to the work itself, hoping that our long but still imperfect analysis of the Greek pottery, which considerably illustrates the Roman manufacture, may induce those interested in the subject to give the book a careful perusal, spite of its dry and technical look. The notice of the pottery of barbarous nations, such as Celts, Teutons, &c., is interesting chiefly to the antiquary, as their rude attempts can scarcely be dignified with the name of art. Among them, however, the Irish, with a pure Celtic type combined much artistic feeling in workmanship.

The illustrations to this work are carefully and delicately designed. We have only one small objection to make—namely, that we cannot always find in the text reference to, or explanation of, the particular object engraved. A very valuable adjunct to the book is a full and minute index, a feature which it is to be regretted is not more generally found. In bidding farewell to Mr. Birch, we must thank him for his laborious services in so important a field of history, and express a hope that the continuation of his subject, embracing as complete an exposition of mediæval pottery and porcelain, may shortly be forthcoming.

#### VAUGHAN'S ESSAYS.\*

MR. VAUGHAN'S *Essays and Remains* are invested with a very painful interest. Their author, who died last summer at the age of thirty-four, was a man of considerable performance and of great promise. He was the son of Dr. Robert Vaughan, well known as the Principal of the Independent College at Manchester, the Editor of the *British Quarterly Review*, and the author of various books of much merit and importance. Mr. Vaughan followed his father's profession, and was a minister for several years at Bath, at Birmingham, and afterwards at Glasgow. He was forced from weak health to give up his clerical duties two years before his death, which was hastened by his distress at the murder of his brother-in-law, Dr. Buck, by the mutineers at Baireilly, and by anxiety respecting the fate of his sister, which for some time was unascertained. Throughout the whole of his career his spare time was occupied in literary pursuits. His studies were principally of a theological character, and he had formed a plan, which his death prevented him from even beginning to execute, of writing a history of Christianity. The only separate work which he published was his *Hours with the Mystics* (reviewed in this journal two years ago); but besides this work, which, though short, involved a vast deal of curious and very rare research, he published several Essays

\* *Essays and Remains of the Rev. Robert Alfred Vaughan*. Edited, with a Memoir, by the Rev. Robert Vaughan, D.D. 2 vols. London: John W. Parker and Son. 1858.

in the *British Quarterly Review*, which form the bulk of the two volumes now before us. They also contain a number of minor papers, very naturally preserved by his father with an affectionate and touching solicitude, though they are hardly of a kind to interest persons to whom their author was unknown.

Of the general character of the more important Essays, it would be most unjust not to speak with high praise. They are written throughout in a spirit of truth, candour, and liberality which is doubly praiseworthy when we remember that they are mostly concerned with theological subjects, and that their author was an Independent minister. Indeed, we should find much difficulty in naming any writer on these questions who treats his opponents with such uniform charity and candour, and with so hearty an appreciation of the merits of those with whom he disagrees most widely. There is an essay on Mr. Lewes's *Life of Goethe*, and another on Mr. Kingsley's novel, *Hyppatia*, which we may earnestly recommend to the consideration of journals which have contrived to put themselves forward as the representatives of the Evangelical party in the Church of England. They might perhaps be able to learn from them, that in order to criticize a person with whom you disagree, it is not absolutely indispensable to be incapable of understanding what he says, or sympathizing with what he feels.

Apart from the thoroughly fair and gentlemanlike mode in which he writes, Mr. Vaughan had very considerable intellectual power, and a very wide acquaintance with literature of all sorts. His essay on Schleiermacher, which aims at describing that writer's theological system, and at showing his relation to the various German schools of thought, displays, in our judgment, a very remarkable power of stating, with clearness and spirit, the bearings of a very difficult subject. A review of Mackay's *Progress of the Intellect* is a very powerful, exact, and dexterous argument; and an essay on the *Life of Sydney Smith* displays (as, indeed, is the case with the rest of his writings) an acquaintance and a sympathy with the current light literature of the day, which we should hardly have expected to find in a person of Mr. Vaughan's profession. It is a very satisfactory symptom. Nothing can have a more humanizing and unsectarianizing tendency than the habit of sharing in the graceful and harmless pleasures which the rest of the world enjoy.

Of the literary merits of Mr. Vaughan's style we cannot speak with unqualified praise. It is rich, lively, and picturesque; but it is both gaudy and restless. In the structure, not only of the sentences, but of the Essays themselves, there is great provision made for fine writing. Thus, for example, the paper on Savonarola opens with a description of the festival of St. George the Martyr at Florence, which fills about three pages. Its connexion with Savonarola is that he refused to go to it. So, in an Address to Divinity Students on leaving College, he enforces the advice that they should take pains with their sermons, and be patient in writing them, by comparing a persevering man to an eagle sitting on a tree by an American river, and not flying at anything short of a wild swan. This figure fills no less than thirteen lines of print. This, however, is a defect which would probably have been corrected had Mr. Vaughan lived to realize his wider literary schemes. In almost all periodical writing something is sacrificed to effect—reviews are addressed to idle readers, and if a little too much gilding is employed to allure them, it is perhaps as much the fault of the public as of the author. We may conclude our criticisms by observing that the introductory memoir is very touching, and it is impossible to read it without feeling the deepest sympathy with a man so worthy of all respect, and so grievously tried, as its author.

It is not an easy thing to give a very connected account of the subject-matter of a collection of unconnected writings. There is, however, a certain sort of unity about the topics on which Mr. Vaughan wrote, and the doctrines which he expressed in relation to them. They were mostly of a theological and semi-controversial caste. He had passed some years at a German university, and was at one time a diligent student of German theology and metaphysics. The conviction at which he arrived, after much meditation on these subjects, was altogether favourable to opinions which so strict a judge as his father pronounced to be thoroughly orthodox Christianity; and the great object, or one of the great objects of his life, was to refute those who, as he considered, were attacking or undermining the essentials of the Christian faith. It is not our place to enter upon the merits of this grave controversy, but we may be allowed to say a few words on the method by which Mr. Vaughan carried it on, for it is a very characteristic, and with some persons a very popular one. Like almost all controversial writers in the present day, his mode of proceeding was to demolish every other place of refuge in order that his adversary might be reduced to his own conclusions. He always seems to rely rather on the weakness of his opponent's case than on the strength of his own. His argument against scepticism is not that Christianity is true, but that scepticism involves even more formidable difficulties. This may, perhaps, be in some degree accounted for by the peculiar form of his writings. When a man is reviewing books from the doctrines of which he differs, his task is essentially negative; but whatever may have been the case with Mr. Vaughan, it cannot be denied that the practice is extremely common, nor that it is very significant. It is, we think, a very serious evil, especially when it is employed by Christian apologists. In the vast though disjointed controversy on these matters in the midst of

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which we live, it is almost impossible for lookers-on not to feel an uneasy sort of misgiving that, to judge from the behaviour of the controversialists, the powers of attack on all sides are greater than the powers of defence. The answer to every argument on each side is *tu quoque*. How absurd it is to be a Protestant, says one man. It is much more absurd to be a Papist, is the retort. Christians are credulous, is the cry of one party. Sceptics are more credulous, is the answer. Any one who is at all acquainted with the most popular, and in a certain sense the most effective, polemics of the day, must know how constantly they run into this form. Both parties seem to forget that there can never be less than three possible results of a controversy. Every one has it in his power to take either or neither side in it. The orthodox disputant is quite as unwilling that the persons whom he endeavours to convince should determine to dismiss the whole subject from their minds, as that they should embrace the most heterodox conclusions respecting it. In point of fact, an inability to form any opinion upon theological subjects, and the indifference to them which is the unavoidable result of such a state of feeling, is by very much the commonest form of modern unbelief. There cannot be a doubt that one of the many causes by which this effect is produced is the negative tone which most of the popular Christian advocates maintain. There is a considerable class of books, of which the *Eclipse of Faith* and the *Restoration of Belief* are perhaps the most remarkable, and with which Mr. Vaughan's *Essays* have a considerable degree of affinity. They aim at showing that, for a thoughtful man, the only possible alternative is between Christianity and Atheism. They point out, with more or less ability, the inconveniences of the latter branch of it; but it never occurs to them to define what they understand by the other. This is a fatal defect in all such arguments, for it tends to prevent them from producing any higher result than that of increasing the area of the scepticism which they are meant to diminish. No one was ever persuaded of the truth of any proposition by showing that there was as much difficulty in denying as in affirming it. The logical, and what is of more importance, the practical, result of all such arguments is, that people tire of the subject, and occupy their minds with other things. Such a process can only be described, at the best, as being equivalent to casting out devils by Beelzebub. We are sure that we only speak the opinion of the great majority of the class to which such reasonings are addressed, when we say that we are thoroughly tired of the arguments of counsel, and that we think it high time some competent judge should sum up the evidence.

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